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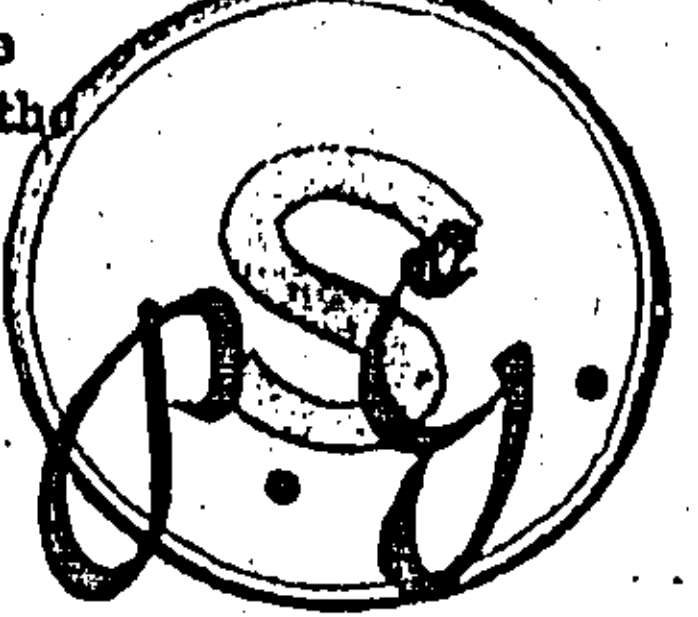
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\$17,000,000,000 RECOVERY PROGRAMME

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S PLAN TO SAVE EUROPE

Message Sent To Congress

Washington, Dec. 19.—President Truman today asked Congress to approve a \$17,000,000,000 four-and-a-quarter-year European recovery programme to avert a "shattering blow to peace and stability in the world" that would result from the world's collapse into totalitarianism.

He requested a specific appropriation of \$8,800,000,000 for the first 15 months of the programme, starting on April 1, 1948. He declared: "European recovery is essential to the maintenance of the civilisation in which the American way of life is rooted."

President Truman's message on the Marshall plan was released by the President of the Senate, Senator Arthur Vandenberg, for publication before it was read in the Senate. Senator Vandenberg, a former newspaperman, explained to the Senate that it was necessary to release the message in time for publication in afternoon editions, although the actual reading would "be postponed" until action was completed on the foreign aid appropriations.

Many alterations in the Paris Report estimates, both of European production, targets and import needs are made in the final version of the Marshall plan proposals presented to Congress by President Truman today.

A summary of the changes is as follows:
Shipping:—A considerable reduction in the European building programme is urged and the sale of 200 American ships and the temporary transfer of 300 others are recommended instead.

Food:—It is said that the Paris estimates could be exceeded. "It is impractical to count on continued good weather, which was responsible for the recent record United States crops."

It is stated that the total American grain exports will fall from 5,500,000 tons annually at the start of the programme to 4,200,000 tons in the last year.

Fertiliser:—The United States cannot increase its exports above the present 70,000 tons annual level.

CUT BY HALF
Agricultural machinery:—The Paris requests of \$1,200,000,000 worth is cut to \$637,000,000.

Coal:—The Paris targets can be achieved with great effort. The United States has sufficient supplies to meet requirements, though the best possible use of transport will be needed.

Steel:—No steel scrap will be exported. The Paris crude and semi-finished steel estimates will be substantially reduced. Steel exports will be greater than at present though less than was asked for. Finished steel will be delivered in

quantity two and a half times more than the 10 nations have asked for.

Oil equipment:—The Paris request for \$588,000,000 worth of oil equipment is increased to \$950,000,000.

Iron Wagons:—The figures for the first year are reduced, from 47,000 to 20,000 and 6,000 may also be supplied in 1948.

Motor lorries:—None had been asked for, but the United States plans to supply 150,000.

The sum the President called for is a slight increase of the 16-nation Conference's estimate of Europe's deficit with the United States, but a reduction in its estimate of the total deficits with the whole American continent.

The Paris Conference placed the deficit with the United States at \$15,910,000,000 and with the American continent at \$22,440,000,000.

The President called for the figure put forward by the committee headed by Mr. Averell Harriman, the Secretary of Commerce, which he appointed to report on the European aid programme.

It is only the assurance of the continued independence and integrity of a group of nations which constitute a bulwark for the principles of freedom, justice and the dignity of the individual," President Truman said.

COMMUNISTS' OPPOSITION
He warned: "We must not be blind to the fact that the Communists have announced their determined opposition to any effort to help get Europe back on its feet."

"There will, unquestionably, be further incitements to strike—not for the purpose of redressing legitimate grievances of particular groups, but for the purpose of creating chaos, which will pave the road to totalitarian control," the President said.

Since the surrender of the Axis powers, the United States had provided more than \$15,000,000,000 in the forms of grants and loans for aid to the victims of war, to prevent starvation, disease and suffering, to aid in the restoration of transportation and communications and to assist in the rebuilding of war-devastated economies.

This assistance, continued President Truman, had averted "stark tragedy and had aided progress towards recovery in many areas of the world."

In these and many other ways, the people of the United States had abundantly demonstrated their desire for world peace and the freedom and well-being of all nations.

"We must now make a grave and significant decision relating to our further efforts to create conditions of peace. We must decide whether or not we will complete the job of helping the nations of Europe to recover from the devastation of war."

"Our decision will determine, in a large measure, the future of the people of that continent."

"It will also determine, in a large part, whether the free nations of the world can look forward to the hope of a peaceful and prosperous future, as independent states or whether they must live in poverty and in fear of selfish totalitarian aggression."

The President continued: "It is of vital importance to the United States that European recovery be continued to ultimate success."

"The American tradition of extending a helping hand to people in distress, our concern for the rebuilding of a healthy world economy which can make possible ever-

increasing standards of living for our people and our overwhelming concern for the maintenance and continuation of the civilisation of free men and free institutions, all combine to give us this great interest in European recovery."

President Truman said that the necessary imports which the 16 countries could not finance without assistance constituted only a small proportion in terms of value of their total national production—some five per cent over the four years of the programme.

These imports, however, were of crucial importance in generating recovery. They represented the difference between an ever-deepening stagnation and progressive improvement.

Most of the necessary outside aid, if it were to come at all, must come from the United States.

It was simple for the United States as it is the only country with sufficient economic strength to bridge the temporary gap between the minimum European needs and war-diminished European resources.

It is expected that other countries, which had it in their power, would also give what assistance they could to Europe.

Canada, for example, had been lending assistance to Europe fully as great in proportion to its capacity as that which the United States had given.

PROGRAMME'S DESIGNS
President Truman said that the aid programme was designed:

1.—To make a genuine recovery possible within a definite period of time and not merely to continue relief indefinitely.

2.—To ensure that the funds and the goods which the United States furnished will be used most effectively for European recovery.

3.—To minimise the financial burden to the United States and, at the same time, to avoid imposing on the European countries crushing financial burdens which they could not carry in the long run.

4.—With due regard for conserving the physical resources of the United States and minimising the impact on United States economy of furnishing aid to Europe.

5.—To be consistent with other international relationships and responsibilities of the United States.

6.—To carry out effectively this great enterprise of United States foreign policy.

President Truman said that the funds the United States would make available will enable the countries of Europe to purchase goods which will achieve two purposes—to lift the standard of living in Europe closer to a decent level and, at the same time, to enlarge the European capacity for production.

FOOD PRODUCTION
The President said: "Our funds will enable them to import grain for current consumption and fertilisers and agricultural machinery to increase their food production."

"They will import fuel for current use and mining machinery to increase their coal output, in addition, they will obtain raw materials such as cotton for current production, and some manufacturing and transportation equipment to increase their productive capacity."

The President went on: "One of the problems in achieving the greatest benefit from U.S. aid is the extent to which funds should be made available in the form of grants, as contrasted with loans."

(Continued on Page 10)

Frenchmen To Pay Forced Loan

DRASTIC MEASURE

Paris, Dec. 19.—The Cabinet in a drastic anti-inflation move today approved a forced loan compelling wealthy Frenchmen, farmers and big business to pay from 25 to 50 percent of their profits as an emergency loan to the nation.

The plan, prepared by the Finance Minister, Rene Mayer, to fight the gravest inflation menace in modern French history, will be presented by him to the National Assembly late today.

The forced loan will be used by the government to help meet the 1948 budget which is estimated reliably at 1,000,000,000,000 francs.

SMALL MAN EXEMPTED

The small French wage earner, who has always borne the major burden of direct taxation here, will be exempted from the loan. The chief categories hit will be:

1. Businessmen and industrialists making a profit of more than 750,000 francs annually.

2. Farmers who hitherto have paid less than 10 percent of the nation's tax bill.

3. Shopkeepers and professional men whose taxes have not kept in line with their profits.

The rate of the new loan will vary with the different categories of taxpayers and according to the profits involved. The loan must be paid in full by June 30th, 1948.—United Press.

De Gaullists Want Election

Paris, Dec. 19.—A motion calling for the dissolution of the French National Assembly and a general election will be tabled by deputies supporting General Charles de Gaulle's Rally of the French People. It was learned today.

The announcement followed a meeting of the Party's parliamentary group.

The proposals were approved at a meeting of several thousand people last night in the Velodrome d'Hiver, largest public hall in Paris, which was attended by the General's brother, Mr. Pierre de Gaulle, President of the Paris Municipal Council.

After various party leaders had demanded a new assembly, the meeting passed a unanimous vote of confidence in General de Gaulle.—Reuter.

EDITORIAL

Future Of The Mines

THE success which Britain's miners have had in driving up coal production during past weeks tends to distract attention from the real problem and the real future of the industry. In replanning this life-blood industry, the British government and its technical advisers have laid down three stages. The first consists in a call for intensified effort from miners, backed by a forceful recruiting policy and by immediate inducements. Certain priorities in amenities and consumption goods have been granted to miners, their whole status has been raised, and new recruits are encouraged to enter the industry. At the same time the miners have been made to feel that their job is not only important, but worth while. One result has been the voluntary suspension by the miners of the five-day week, and they are now producing more coal than at any time for seven years. Nevertheless, without completion of the second and third stages of the reorganisation plan, the mines cannot become a permanently secured asset. For more men to produce more coal per shift it is necessary that the mines be modernised with the latest type of equipment. The aim must be for 100 per cent automatic cutting, which can be achieved partly by introducing more machines, partly by abandoning some of

the less economic mines in which machine cutting is not practicable. Moreover it will be necessary to make vast improvements in the present haulage system. The third essential development is the reorganisation of the mines to make them fit workshops for skilled operators. This phase, according to reports, is already being developed. A revolution in ventilation is taking place, lighting is being brought up to normal factory standards by the use of mains lighting, pneumatic electric lamps and even fluorescent lighting, while intensive research into dust prevention had produced important improvements in a number of coalfields. Standards of training have also been stepped up enormously, so that while the present generation of miners is tackling the immediate task by their own courage and resolution, a great reserve of trained recruits is assembling behind them. These are reassuring indications of progress in an industry which has for too long been saddled with antiquated methods and machinery. Britain needs coal more than anything else, and she will continue to do so. The only certain way of meeting the demand is to provide every opportunity for efficiency, namely, the best possible working conditions, the best available machines, and a sufficiency of trained miners to operate them.

Arab Villagers Slain

Bombs Kill Children

Jerusalem, Dec. 19.—It was officially announced that Jews attacked Arabs at the village of Khiasa near Safad last night, throwing bombs which killed ten persons, including five children. Five others were injured.

The announcement said two carloads of Jews sped through the centre of the hillside village. They dispersed, systematically sweeping the village with gunfire and throwing bombs and grenades into houses, it added.

According to the report, a police patrol entered Khiasa this morning and found seven corpses in one house and three more in another.—United Press.

"SHEER BUTCHERY"

Jerusalem, Dec. 19.—Condemning the killing of ten Arabs, including five children, in a northern Palestine village, as "sheer butchery," Dr Hussein Khalidi, Secretary of the Arab Higher Executive Committee said tonight:

"If the Jews start this type of warfare they will have to bear the consequences."

The killing of the Arabs—in the mountain village of Khiasa—was admitted today by Hagannah, the Jewish illegal defence force, to have been a reprisal for the recent attacks on Jewish settlements in the district, Jewish sources reported.

Dr Khalidi rejoined tonight "up till now the Arabs have not killed women and children."

Meanwhile, a train was held up by armed Arabs near the Jewish town of Petah Tiqva shortly before dusk tonight and eight wagons were broken open and rice and barley and wheat removed to waiting lorries.

It was officially reported here, Jewish reports state that the bandits also took large quantity of arms, but this was not confirmed. This was Palestine's second train robbery in eight hours.

About 100 armed men believed to be Arabs attacked a Haifa-Lydda goods train this afternoon, held up the crew and stole 35 tons of sugar.

A report from London, which states that Dr Fadi Jumali, Iran Foreign Minister, is expected to discuss at a meeting tonight with the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Ernest Bevin, the prospects of strife in Palestine following the United Nations decision to create a Jewish State, a usually reliable source stated today.

Dr Jumali is on his way back from the United Nations General Assembly where he played a prominent part in organising Arab opposition to the partition of Palestine.—Reuter.



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"Without Reservations"

Produced by JESSE L. LASKY • Screen Play by ANDREW BOIT

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- HONEYMOON AT ROMSEY
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Bud ABBOTT & Lou COSTELLO in
"HIT THE ICE"
with Ginny SIMMS & 50 BEAUTIES
SUNDAY EXTRA SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.
Joel McCREA
Maureen O'HARA in
"BUFFALO BILL"
Linda DARNELL IN TECHNICOLOR

FILMS FOR YOUR CHRISTMAS

THERE is a big line-up of first-rate films for the entertainment of Hong-kong movie fans this Christmas. All the theatres have ambitious plans, and everything points to a really merry, enjoyable holiday for picture-goers.

The emphasis is definitely on music, but spectacle, comedy and anti-feminine allure are all there for the picking.

One of Hongkong's top favourites, Esther "Bathing Beauty" Williams, comes to the King's Theatre on De-

cember 24 in M-G-M's colourful "Fiesta." It is true to its name—a feast of colour, fun, music and the Esther Williams type of charm.

Although Esther swims in the film, it is only incidental. Just try and guess what sort of a part she has! She's a female matador, and no fooling! She plays the twin sister to Ricardo Montalban. Their renewal has hopes that his son will follow in the honoured profession, but he prefers soft lights and guitar music. Maria. Morales—otherwise Esther—passes herself off as her brother to try and save the family honour. In a terrific climax, the

young man stumps into the ring to save his sister from being gored by an enraged bull.

The film is in technicolour, and there are beautiful shots of Mexican scenic spots where the picture was made. The brilliant scenes were made at Tlaxcala and Puebla, and show the famous matadors, Escudero, Estudiante, Colasero and Briones in action. Plenty of Mexican music, plus a demonstration of "La Bomba," the south of the border version of the jitterbug, by Cyd Charisse and Montalban.

DISNEY'S LATEST

AT the Queen's, opening on Christmas Day, will be seen Walt Disney's first live-action musical drama, "Song of the South." The picture is the co-ordination of a story enacted by human characters with parallel sequences by animated cartoon characters based on Joel Chandler Harris' "Uncle Remus" folk tales. It is certainly Disney's most ambitious production, and will appeal to young and old alike. A fine choice for a Christmas film.

The story concerns the falling out of a southern newspaper editor and his wife through his political activities. She takes their son to her mother's plantation, where he meets Uncle Remus, who tells him about the talking animals. The child later goes for the cause and reason for the parents' reconciliation.

There is plenty of music; in fact, no less than 10 songs specially composed. "Sooner or Later" and "Zipadee Doodah" promise to be real hot favourites.

LAUGH TEAM

GROUCHO Marx and Carmen Miranda—can you imagine the combination! That's what "Copacabana" is made of. And "Copacabana" is the Christmas show at the Lee Theatre. And there'll be queues, you bet!

Temming up two highly artistic fun-makers is always something of a risk, for although they may be highly spontaneous individually, they may not hit off together at all. However, Groucho, away from his famous brothers for the first time, and the volatile Brazilian bombshell are as much a team as ham and eggs.

The setting is a swank New York night club, where La Miranda is an entertainer. Furious fun and melodious music. Not to be overlooked are the Gorgious Copa Girls! Another musical—and a really good one also—is "The Time, The Place and The Girl." That's to be shown over the holidays simultaneously at the Central and Alhambra. Dennis Morgan, Jack Carson, Janis Paige, Martha Vickers, Alan Hale and S. Z. Sakall, together with Carmen Cavallaro and his orchestra. All in all, a roomy time has been laid on, and so here's hoping you'll have a happy Christmas!

SPOTLIGHT ON STARS AND FILMS

GABRIEL PASCAL, Britain's most fabulous film producer, flew to Rome recently to arrange shooting of his Shaw picture, "Androcles and the Lion."

Starring is Barry Fitzgerald, with a cast from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin. Gabby Pascal, criticised for the £1,300,000 "Casanova" and "Cleopatra," told me: "This will be simple. Nothing fantastic. I use the amplitheatre in Verona for my shots."

The new Mrs. Pascal, 21-year-old Valerie Jakabffy, an Italian girl, dark and attractive, stays at home to look after the farm. Fifty-three-year-old Gabby changed his mind about marrying when he met her in Paris two months ago.

Four years ago he was saying: "I shall never get married," and Bernard said: "That's right. He is wed to my plays." But all that was forgotten when Valerie came along.

PAT O'Brien received an honorary Litt. D. degree (Doctor of Letters) at the centenary celebration of St. Francis College in Loretto, Pennsylvania. The star of RKO Radio's "Fighting Father Dunne" laid the cornerstone of a national shrine to St. Gensius, patron saint of actors.

FRED ASTAIRE is unpacking those dancing shoes he put away when he finished making "Blue Skies" a year ago. He has agreed to take a dancing part in the new Joan Crawford picture, "Time to Sing."

While he is keen, Hollywood is trying to interest him in a Bing Crosby musical as well.

Latest report on Astaire: He is fat (yes, he is getting plump), fit and 47.

WALT Disney's musical feature "Fun and Fancy Free" launches a new dance "The Bearero." A tendril from a giant vine executes it in the "Mickey and the Bearstalk" episode. It's a holero-type dance.

ALFRED Hitchcock, the best director of thrillers in the business, says he always reads the end of a mystery novel first because he cannot stand the suspense.

GREETINGS with a smile!



OUT HERE, THEY GROW TOO FAST

I'VE always thought that manners are a matter of longitude rather than latitude, and I've now got so much used to California turns of phrase that I find myself automatically answering "You bet!" when—thanked for—anything; such being the local custom.

I also climax any meeting with an enthusiastic: "It's been so nice to meet you."

Once I used to be a little tense about this in case I didn't get it in first, any answer being necessarily anti-climatic. So I understood exactly how a certain English Star felt when I thus went Hollywood on her. Still, it was no more than the truth. It had been nice meeting her.

I had lunch with her and with Jimmy Woolf (son of the late C.M. and now a screen play writer) in her dressing-room. As a matter of fact, it's more than a dressing-room—it's a complete bungalow, with a large living-room, bedroom, bathroom and kitchen, and a brown maid who used to wait on Joan Bennett and knows all the answers. The irony of the situation is that, while my friend has this bungalow for use as a dressing-room, she can't find a house to live in otherwise, so has to stay with friends.

LIVING SPACE

Lunch was brought from the studio commissary and served by the coloured maid. We had English mixed grill such as you could not get in England these days, and the sort of salad to be found nowhere but in California. My friend has gained 15lb. on American food, and so I said it had been nice meeting her which, indeed, it had, and I set off down the street.

It had been raining and now it was clear, the grass lawns freshly swept-looking, the red flowers on the eucalyptus trees still spangled with raindrops. Also, the Christmas decorations were beginning to appear. On one lawn I saw a vast number of pink candles, 6ft. tall and fitted with electric flames.

These decorations, and the fact that the Christmas flower, poinsettia reddens in the last week of December and is thickly clustered around every house, is the only way you could tell it was mid-winter. On the empty street corners are bunches of Christmas trees for sale, but a lot of people trim the trees in their own garden. The only disadvantage to this is that trees grow so fabulously in this climate that anyone planting a three-foot tree may find himself trimming a 30-footer before many years.

In fact, there's one tree at the corner of Beverly and Coldwater Canyon which is about 75 feet tall now, and each Christmas they have to use more and more lights. It's a gay sight, though, and I for

one wouldn't exchange it for a white Christmas.

So I drove along the streets thinking about Christmas and presents (everyone in Hollywood wants a pen that writes under water except Bob Hope who says he can't hold his breath that long), and because we'd been talking about Norma Shearer I recalled a story I'd heard about a new star she'd discovered.

Norma was up in the mountains at an hotel and was leading through the hotel's scrapbook when one face struck her. She didn't forget the face even when she left, so she reported to the casting director at her home studio—M-G-M—and he sent off minions who returned with Janet Leigh, 19 years old, and daisy fresh.

In fact she was so ingenious that she was pleased to be paid \$50 a week, so innocent that when they offered her a lead opposite Van Johnson, with the first scenes made on location, she refused, saying she couldn't afford the hotel. This unsophistication, I noted, when I saw the test they had made of her, shines out on the screen and is very refreshing. Like an April shower, you might say.

THEATRE Directory

TO-DAY'S FILMS

QUEEN'S—Rings On Her Fingers (Gene Tierney, Henry Fonda)
KING'S—National Velvet (Mickey Rooney, Elizabeth Taylor)

LEE—White Cradle Inn (Madeleine Carroll, Ian Hunter)

CENTRAL—The Fighting Devil Dogs (Lee Powell, Herman Brix)

ORIENTAL—Guadalcanal Diary (Preston Foster, Lloyd Nolan)

CATHAY—The Spoilers (John Wayne, Marlene Dietrich)

ALHAMBRA—The Time of Their Lives (Bud Abbott, Lou Costello)

MAJESTIC—Tarzan and the Huntress (Johnny Weissmuller, Brenda Joyce)

STAR—In This Our Life (Betty Davis, Olivia de Havilland)

SHOWING TO-DAY **KING'S** AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m.

M-G-M's A GREAT HEART-DRAMA!

The TECHNICOLOR Triumph!

NATIONAL VELVET

A CLARENCE BROWN Production

MICKEY ROONEY and a great cast!

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Dorothy LAMOUR • Ian HALL in
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IN TECHNICOLOR!
A Paramount Picture—At Reduced Prices

ORIENTAL

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YOU'LL CRY THROUGH YOUR CHEERS!
YOU'LL LAUGH THROUGH YOUR TEARS!

THE FIRST BIG HUMAN STORY OF THE WAR!

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Richard Widmark's

Preston FOSTER • Lloyd NOLAN
William BERLUX • Richard CONTE
Anthony QUINN

SPECIAL MORNING SHOWS ON SUNDAY
FIRST MORNING SHOW COMMENCES AT 10.15 A.M.

THE LAST INDIAN FILM
"PRATIMA"
or ("UNION OF 2 HEARTS")
IN HINDUSTANI DIALOGUE
A SUPER SOCIAL PICTURE OF THE BOMBAY TALKING STUDIOS
with MISS SWARNALATA, MISS JYOTI, DEELIP KUMAR, SHAH NAWAZ, MISS CHANDRIKA, MISS NAJMA, MISS ZEBUNISSA AND MANY OTHERS.

In a new Love Story you will always remember! It is played by well-known Indian film stars with delightful dances and song-hits you will surely enjoy!

NOTE: Patrons are reminded that this is the LAST & THE BEST INDIAN PICTURE, AFTER WHICH NO MORE INDIAN FILMS WILL BE SHOWN IN THE COLONY (DUE TO UNAVOIDABLE CIRCUMSTANCES). REMEMBER THIS IS THE LAST INDIAN FILM! JUST ONE SHOW ONLY! PLEASE DO NOT MISS IT!

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"BACK TO BATAAN" A Very Exciting Picture

ALHAMBRA THEATRE

TO-DAY ONLY AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.20 & 9.20 P.M.

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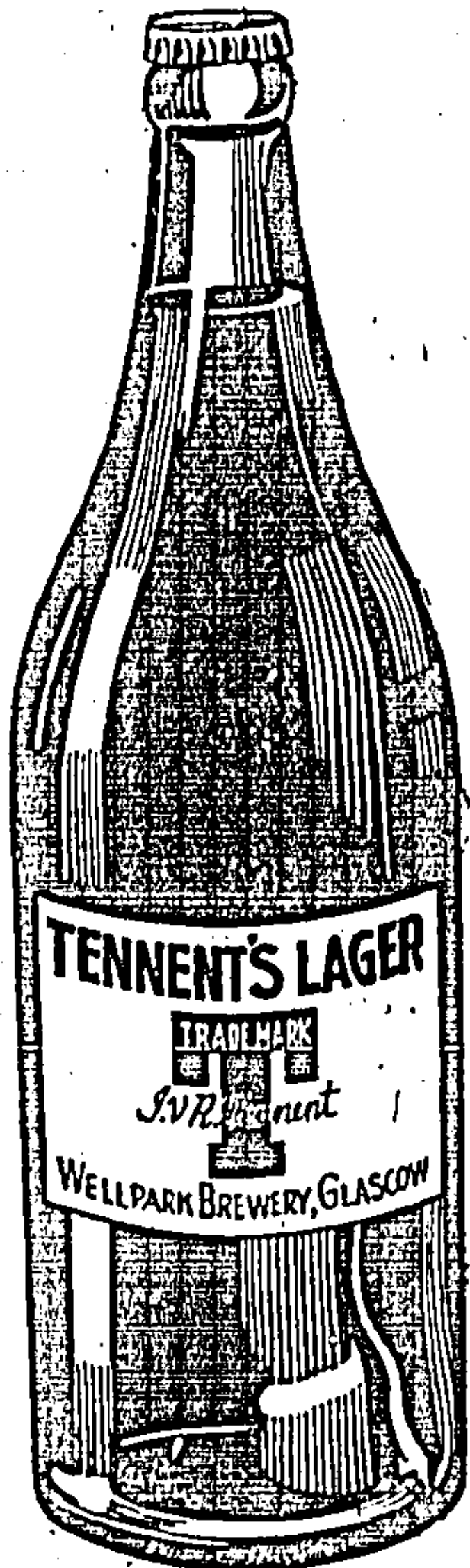
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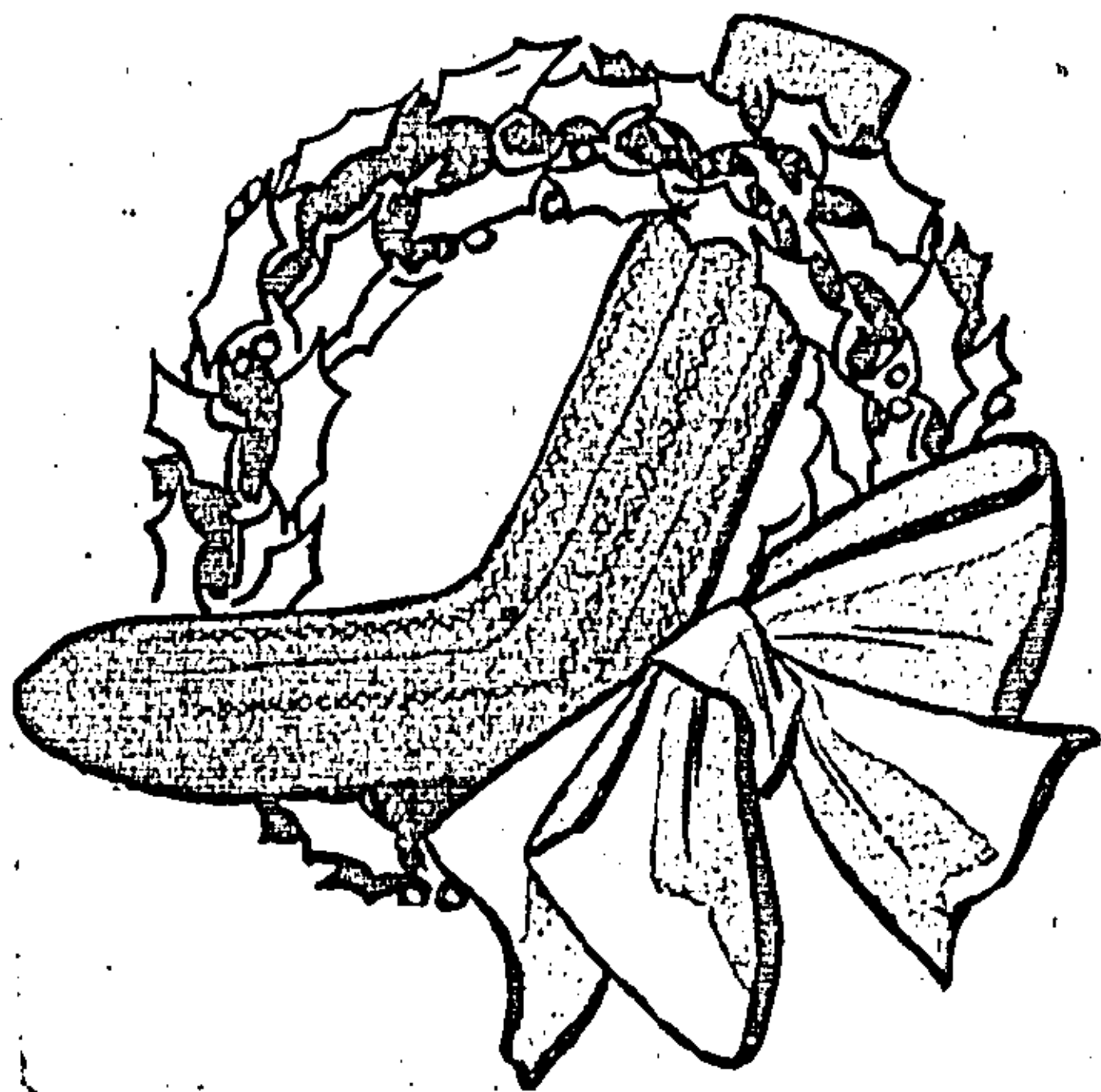


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YULE LOG, MISTLETOE, AND CHRISTMAS TREE

OUR Christmas customs are a strange mixture of Christian and pagan rites. Yule log, mistletoe and Christmas tree all have a pre-Christian flavour.

Once the burning of the Yule log was one of the most important ceremonies of the season. In the Middle Ages a ponderous tree trunk would be hauled into the house. All corners would be welcome to sit and watch the sparks flying up the chimney.

When the log was dragged from the woods, wretches would raise their hats, for it was the symbol of the righting of wrongs and the reconciliation of enemies.

THE Yule-log custom was handed down from the days of the old Scandinavians, who, at their feast of Juul, kindled large bonfires in honour of the god Thor.

In Devonshire faggots instead of a log were burned after they had been dragged with much merriment by the labourers in the homes of their masters.

Master and men met on equality. Plenty of ale was drunk, but cider in large quantities was usually preferred. Whenever an ash band—there were nine around the faggot—burst, a fresh supply of cider was handed round.

THERE is a Scandinavian legend connected with the mistletoe. Balder, god of poetry and eloquence, had a dream that he was about to die. He told his mother, who invoked the powers of nature to prevent his death.

Renssured, Balder took his place in the periodical battle of the gods. He fought gallantly and sustained no hurt.

Loke, his enemy, anxious to discover the source of Balder's invulnerability, dressed himself as a woman, and went to congratulate Balder's mother on her son's bravery.

She declared that nothing could hurt him as she had an oath from all the powers of nature. But she had not taken the precaution of securing her son against

JESTS AND JEERS

Some people have no more tact than a mirror.

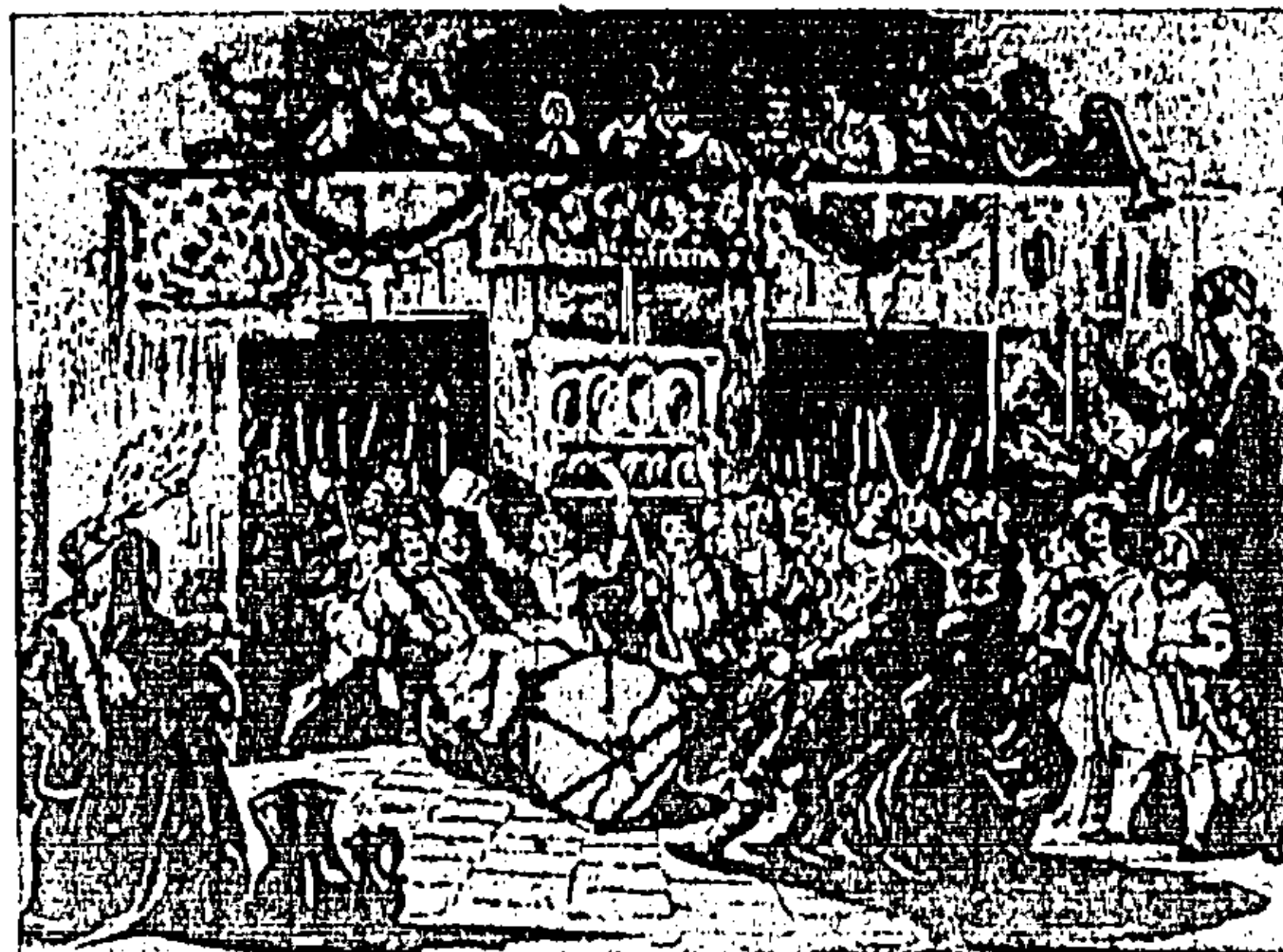
A confirmed bachelor is one who thinks the only thoroughly justified marriage was the one that produced him.

The trouble with education nowadays is that it covers the ground without cultivating much.

"I wish you would take that dog away. I feel a flea crawling along my leg."
"Come on, Butch. The lady has fleas."

He: After we're married, I'll never leave you for a minute.
She: You shouldn't have such a suspicious mind.

First Husband: My wife can talk for hours on one subject.
Second Ditto: Mine doesn't even need a subject.



Bringing in the Yule log on Christmas Eve

a most insignificant plant—the mistletoe. Loke, discovering this fact, ran and obtained a sprig of the plant which he found growing on the bark of an oak.

He made an arrow from the mistletoe and handed it to one of the other gods, who, shooting it from his bow, killed Balder.

At one time it was thought that the mistletoe could not be grown artificially. Its propagation was said to be due to the mistle-thrush, which fed upon the berries. Then it was found that if the berries were bruised and rubbed on the bark of fruit trees seeds would adhere and take root.

The custom of kissing beneath the mistletoe has been handed down

from the ancient Druids, who regarded the plant with the utmost veneration.

The Christmas-tree custom was brought to England from Germany at the time of the marriage of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. It is, therefore, one of the latest of English festivities.

The custom is actually much older in America than in England, and was introduced there by the German settlers.

OF the indoor pastimes at Christmas snapdragon is also pagan, and apparently bears relation to the Druidical fire-worship. The game consists of snatching a raisin or a prune from a blazing bowl of spirit.

The decking of churches and houses with evergreen goes back to pre-Christian times.

It is a relic of the Roman feast of Saturn, held at about the same time of the year as Christmas.

Stow, the London historian, makes the following reference to the practice:

"Against the feast of Christmas every man's house, as also their parish churches, was decked with holm (oak), ivy, bayes and what-soever—the season of the year afforded to be green."

"The conduits and standards in the streets were likewise garnished." Holly, bay, rosemary and laurel were used for church decoration. Ivy was banned because of its connection with Bacchanalian feasts.

Mistletoe was excluded because of its connection with the Druids.

THERE was an old custom in Oxfordshire which often had an amusing sequel.

It was customary for a maid-servant to ask one of the men to gather ivy for the decoration of the house. If he omitted to supply the evergreen, the maids stole a pair of his trousers and nailed them on the gate giving access to the highway.

The mince pie, formerly called Christmas pie, has been popular for centuries. There was a period, however, when the Puritans saw a connection between the mince pie and the consecrated cake of the Druids.

Hence they gave a strict injunction that it should never form part of the Christmas fare.

The turkey seems to have crept upon the Christmas dinner table for no apparent reason, except that for centuries it has been the favourite dish of Americans in connection with their Thanksgiving celebration at the end of harvest.

The table in bygone days usually included such delicate fare as peacock, goose, pheasant, capon and carp's tongues.

BBC Overseas Shortwave Programmes

SUNDAY, DEC. 21

6.00 WEEKLY NEWSLETTER.
6.15 WOMEN'S TALK.
6.30 LITURGICAL SERVICE.
From Freshfield College, near Southport, Lancashire.
7.00 THE NEWS.
7.15 "TINA".
7.45 COMMONWEALTH AND EMPIRE.
8.00 FROM TODAY'S PAPERS.
8.15 HOME FLASH.
8.45 Jean Metcalfe.
THANKS FOR YOUR LETTERS.

9.00 THE NEWS.
9.15 SWEET SEVENADE.
Peter York and his Concert Orchestra.
10.00 RADIO NEWSREEL.
10.15 BBC NORTHERN ORCHESTRA.
Conductor: Charles Groves. Evelyn Rothwell (oboe).
A William Byrd Suite—Gordon Jacob.
Concerto for Oboe and Strings—Ravenshoe.
10.45 FROM THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.
Alice in Wonderland—3.
11.20 Interlude.
11.30 CATHEDRAL SERVICE.
From St Anne's Cathedral, Belfast.
12.00 THE NEWS.

MONDAY, DEC. 22

6.00 COUNTRY MAGAZINE.
6.30 MUSIC WHILE YOU WORK.
7.00 THE NEWS.
7.15 TIP-TOP TUNES.
8.00 FROM TODAY'S PAPERS.
8.15 SPORTING RECORD.
8.45 JOAN DAVIES (piano).
9.00 THE NEWS.
9.15 NANCY MIXTURE.
9.45 PARLIAMENTARY SUMMARY.
10.00 RADIO NEWSREEL.
10.15 MERRY-GO-ROUND.
11.20 AT YOUR REQUEST.
12.00 THE NEWS.

TUESDAY, DEC. 23

6.00 THE CHRISTMAS ORATORIO—Bach. Parts 1 and 2.
Margaret McArthur (New Zealand contralto), Rene Seames (tenor), Trevor Jones (tenor), Trevor Anthony (bass), Marjorie Avis (soprano), and George Thelwell (bass) (Australian organist).
BBC Chorus, New London Orchestra, conducted by Leslie Woodgate.
7.00 THE NEWS.
7.15 "MR AND MRS PAUL TEMPLE"
A new play written for broadcasting by

Francis Durbridge.
8.00 FROM TODAY'S PAPERS.
8.15 ROMANCE IN RHYTHM.
Gerald and his Concert Orchestra.
9.00 THE NEWS.
9.15 BAND OF THE WELSH GUARDS.
Conductor: Major T. S. Chandler.
9.45 TALKING POINT.
10.00 RADIO NEWSREEL.
10.15 VARIETY HANDBOX.
11.20 FORCES' FAVOURITES.
12.00 THE NEWS.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 24

6.00 A CHRISTMAS CAROL.
By Charles Dickens. Adapted by Penelope Knox.
6.30 MUSIC WHILE YOU WORK.
7.00 THE NEWS.
7.15 ON WITH THE MUSIC.
8.00 FROM TODAY'S PAPERS.
8.15 THE DICEDDER REVEUE.
With Frances Day, Cyril Ritchard, Doris Hare, Libeth Webb, Terry Thomas, and the Radio Revellers. Augmented Dance Orchestra, conducted by Stanley Black.
9.00 THE NEWS.
9.15 LONDON FORUM.
9.45 Christmas Message by His Grace the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.
the most Rev. and Rt. Hon. C. F. Garbett.
10.00 RADIO NEWSREEL.
10.15 SCRAPBOOK FOR 1912.
Scenes, songs, and personalities of thirty-five years ago. Written by Leslie Daily.
11.20 FORCES' PROM.
Dvorak's Symphony No. 2 in E minor (From the New World). Czech Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by George Szell (gramophone records).
12.00 THE NEWS.

THURSDAY, DEC. 25

6.00 FORCES' FAVOURITES.
6.30 CHRISTMAS DAY SERVICE.
From St Stephen's, Rochester Row, Westminster, conducted by the Rev. George Reindorp.
7.00 THE NEWS.
7.15 MUSIC ROUND BRITAIN.
7.30 STARGLIGHT.
Christopher Stone, this week invites Anne Ziegler to talk with him and to sing for you.
8.00 MERRY-GO-ROUND.
9.00 THE NEWS.
9.15 BBC THEATRE ORCHESTRA.
10.00 MEN OF GOOD WILL.
The Reunion of Christmas.

A feature programme produced by Laurence Gilliam.

11.00 A MESSAGE TO THE EMPIRE BY H.M. KING GEORGE THE SIXTH.
11.15 RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.20 "O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL".
11.35 CHRISTMAS BELLS.
11.45 CAROLS.
12.00 THE NEWS.

FRIDAY, DEC. 26

6.00 TWO WAY FAMILY FAVOURITES WITH BEAC.
7.00 THE NEWS.
7.15 Yule Oliver.
CHRISTMAS PARCEL.
A festivity with Pat Kirkwood, Julie Andrews, Ted Slaughter, and Vic Oliver conducting the British Concert Orchestra.
8.00 AT YOUR REQUEST.
9.00 THE NEWS.
9.15 Wilfred Pickles in "HAVE A GO".
9.45 PRODUCTION TO BE PROSPECT.
A talk by William Holt.
10.00 RADIO NEWSREEL.
10.15 CHRISTMAS PARTY.
The Variety Department gives a Christmas Party. The Augmented BBC Revue Orchestra, conducted by Frank Cantel, Party organized by Harry S. Pepper and Ronald Waldman.
11.20 EVERTON v. SUNDERLAND.
Soccer. A commentary.
12.00 THE NEWS.

SATURDAY, DEC. 27

6.00 VARIETY HANDBOX.
Christmas edition.
7.00 THE NEWS.
7.15 Yule TO BE GOOD AT GAMES.
A feature programme, produced by Stephen Potter, with Joyce Grenfell.
8.00 FROM TODAY'S PAPERS.
8.15 AMERICAN DANCE BANDS.
(Gramophone records).
8.30 MERRY-GO-ROUND MELODIES.
9.00 THE NEWS.
9.15 RADIO RHYTHM CLUB.
9.45 "PUCK FAIR".
10.00 RADIO NEWSREEL.
10.25 LONGLEYS HURLE RACE.
A commentary from Kempton Park.
10.40 "ROBINSON CRUSOE".
From the Dudley Huddstone, with Bill Russell as "Robinson". Commentator: Philip Garston-Jones.
11.10 CHELSEA v. GRIMSBY TOWN.
Soccer. A commentary.

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DAVID LANGDON
CARTOONThey Still
Believe
In SantaBy FRANK TREMAINE
United Press Staff Correspondent

Mexico City.—Santa Claus is off on one of his earliest trips of 1947, lugging three crates the size of dining room tables to a tiny village in France, where faith in Santa Claus almost died three years ago.

The crates contain packages for all the nearly 400 inhabitants of the village of Maille, near Tours, including its 158 children and the "four susceptible of being born before Christmas."

Many of the children hadn't even heard of Santa Claus before last Christmas, and wouldn't have believed in him if they had. Santa Claus and all the other good spirits seemed to have abandoned the little town one day in August 1944.

That was the day when a company of German troops killed 128 of the population, slaughtered the livestock and razed the village as punishment for harbouring a downed British flier. Then, in April 1946, Girard and Kathleen Hale, of Santa Barbara, California, stepped into the picture.

PROGRESS

The increase in Maille's juvenile population from 141 a year and a half ago to the present 158 and "four susceptible of being born before Christmas" is only part of the continuing progress reported to the Hales. The reports started in 1946, shortly after the Hales began playing year-round Santa Claus by sending off a shipment of 7,000 items ranging from layettes and workmen's clothes to furniture for the city hall.

"At first our letters from the village were stiff and formal," said Mrs. Hale, who is blissing here. "Now we know just how many pigs Mme. Dubois got in the last litter. The litters are getting bigger, too."

Progress of the war-devastated village also is indicated in the request lists Maille sent to the Hales. The first list, received after the wealthy couple decided to "adopt" the town, consisted largely of the downright essentials of every-day living—clothing, eating utensils, frying pans and household linens.

Now the Hales are sending such things as rakes and hoes and other farm implements. They even sent a tractor which the villagers call "Girard."

"We wondered about that," Mrs. Hale said, "until we got a letter explaining that no family would dare name a child Girard or Kathleen for fear of making all the other families in the village jealous. So they named the tractor, which belongs to all of them, after Girard."

OTHER SIGNS

Progress also is indicated by other signs.

"They have a roof on the school now," Hale said, describing his own Marshall plan for helping Europe. "They did that and a lot of other improvements themselves. We sent them blackboards and desks and pencils and chalk and paper enough for a year, but they fixed up the school themselves."

"That's one of the things about personal aid. A hand-out of money from the government doesn't provide much incentive, but when people get help from other people in the shape of things they can use, they're inspired to get out and help themselves, too."

The Hales estimate they've spent about \$25,000 or \$30,000 on their adopted village so far. The villagers wrote to "have on Christmas decorations this year because we saved most of those from last year."

The Christmas boxes contain three gifts for each child in the village and the four on the way—one sweet, one useful gift, and one just for happiness.

Ears? You can't
keep your feet
without them!

EARS are the subject for discussion today. Mr. Chapman Pincher has been giving me a lecture on them, and now I find myself trying to waggle my ears whenever I look at a mirror. It makes shaving quite fun.

There are nine muscles for moving the ear, he says, but most people can't use any of them. If only you could train them properly you'd be able to move your ears like a horse and be the life and soul of the party.

One of the muscles is in that little flap in front that you push in when you put your hands to your ears. If you give this muscle a mild electric shock the flap will make a feeble effort to close.

A hippopotamus, among other animals, can do this without an electric shock (which is hard to get in the jungle). It closes the flap to keep the water out when it submerges.

The part of the ear that you can see is called the pinna, and it is really nothing more than an ear trumpet that doesn't work too well. You'd look funny without it, but it would not make much difference to your hearing.

Seals don't have a pinna. Nor do birds. Yet they hear all right. Elephants have them so big they can be used for swimming flippers.

At one time people believed that the shape of the pinna gave a clue to character. The theory was put forward by a psychologist called Lombroso, and one day he gave a lantern lecture to some professors, with slides showing the "criminal ear."

When the lights went on the professors looked round at each other's ears and that was the end of the theory, because, if it had been true, a high proportion of the audience ought to have been in Dartmoor.

Your habits and character can change the look of your mouth or your eyes, but, unless you are a boxer, they don't make much difference to your ears. They get bigger as you get older, but they don't change shape much.

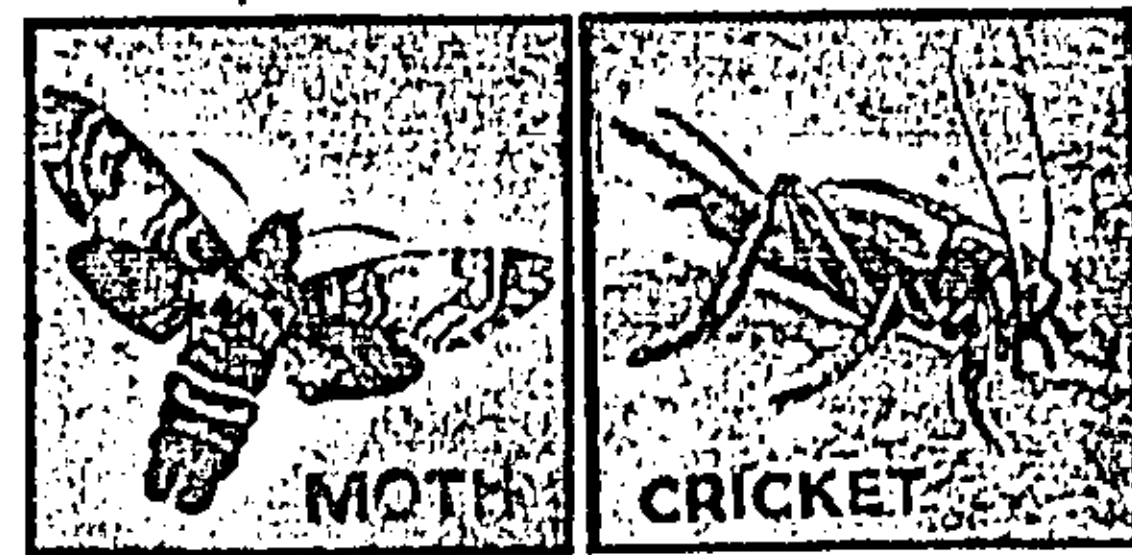
Do you remember the case of the Slingsby heir about 30 years ago? The parentage of a boy was in dispute, and he was in the Probate Court partly because his left ear was the same shape as that of the woman who claimed to be his mother.

Later the decision was reversed. The House of Lords didn't think the shape of the child's ear was quite as important as some of the other evidence.

Odd insects

MOST animals have their ears on the head, which seems natural, but insects have them in the oddest places. A cricket has ears on its legs, just below the knee, and various moths and beetles have them on their tummies, the dear little things.

BEFORE you read this, mark with an X the position of the 'ear' in each picture. Read on—and check your guesses....

by Bernard Wicksteed
WHO LENT AN EAR TO
Chapman Pincher

Nobody knows where a butterfly keeps its ears. No trace of them has been found, but butterflies can certainly hear. Goldfish hear some sounds with their skin.

Apart from being something to waggle at parties and to produce as evidence in court, the human ear has two main uses. It enables you to hear and to stand up without over-balancing.

We'll take hearing first. What your ears do is pick up vibrations in the air and convey them as nerve impulses to the brain, which then registers them as sound. Without ears and brains there would be no sound and we should live in a silent world.

If a tree fell on your house you would probably say, as they did you out, that you'd heard a terrific crash. But if a tree falls in the middle of a forest with no living creature to hear it, there is no sound at all, just vibration of the air and pregnant silence.

Lucky dogs

THE average human ear can pick up sound waves ranging from 20 vibrations a second up to 20,000. People with exceptional hearing can go up to 30,000.

Dogs can do much better than this. Their ears and brains can make sound out of waves that vibrate 70,000 times a second.

That's how it is you can call a dog with a whistle that you can't hear yourself. To you it is a silly sort of whistle, because it makes no noise, but the dog hears and finds nothing remarkable about it. Bats can tune in to waves of 98,000 vibrations a second, so you could probably make a special bat-calling whistle that even dogs didn't hear.

BY PAUL HOLT

THREE GHOSTS
All 1947 Vintage

WHILE we who do not believe in ghosts continue to be scared by them and to seek out with a relish what Chesterton calls "the healthy lust for darkness and terror which may come on us any night in walking down a dark lane," the seasons go drably by and spooks become forlorn with a general neglect.

I will stir them. Here are three ghost stories, apt to this season. I do not know where they came from. Perhaps I heard them, perhaps I made them up.

First, a party story. There was an old man who lived in a modern block of flats. Around him there was the continuing noise of shrill voices, the whining of lifts and slamming of car doors. These he endured. It was parties he could not stand. That night an old man could not abide the broken sounds of other people enjoying themselves.

There was in particular a persistent, middle-aged and cheerful young couple who lived in the flat above the old man. Night after night they would have a few friends in. The old man sat glowering, plotting revenge.

It came. On a blitz night a bomb hit the block of flats. Sneezing and malediction, the old man was lifted out of the rubble. Fire was beginning to lick up the lift shaft.

"Anybody in that flat above you?" asked a Heavy Rescue man. The noise of the night's party was still in the old man's ears as he said "No. Young couple. Very quiet. Went away fortnight ago. Flat's empty now." And they left the building to the flames.

Wherever the old man moves to, now, there is a party upstairs. He has moved three times already. The last time he chose a top story, garret. But still, night after night, he hears a party upstairs.

STORY 2

NOW, a First Night story. Once upon a time, in the days before Lillian Braithwaite was a Dame, there were two actors who were great friends. One was stupid and handsome, a great piece of buckram, a fustian fellow. The other, his friend, was clever and retiring.

Now the stupid actor couldn't play a part, he couldn't hold a sword, he couldn't buss a heroine until he had run through the whole of his part with his clever friend.

But the friend taught him so well that rapidly he became a star and the flattery rose in fumes to his head. So that there came one horrible day when the stupid but handsome actor believed, somewhere deep down inside his foolish carcase, that he was doing it all by himself.

One that day he resolved to get rid of his friend. Murder he had no heart for. He decided to kill his friend subtly, by hinting.

He told producers that his friend could no longer be relied on, since he had taken to drinking. He dropped a word here, he raised an eyebrow there. The poison slowly worked. The clever friend declined. His eyes dulled, and his fame withered under the cold glances of his profession.

There came the tense days of rehearsal for the greatest part the stupid actor had yet been offered. It was the part to make him greater than Cleopatra. Painfully he struggled through his lines without his friend. Once he thought of seeking a reason, but his mind's pride forbade it.

A week before First Night his friend died. He was found hanging, with a note pinned to his breast, confessing his fatal disappointment. The stupid actor struggled on with rehearsals. It would be all right on the night.

There came the night, and the stupid actor had been drinking, to steady himself. Grimly he seated

himself at his mirror to make up. He held the grease-paint in his right hand and slowly drew it down his great handsome nose.

And he glanced at the mirror. And there, staring back at him was the face of his friend. Blindly he stumbled on to the stage and opened his mouth for his first line. And the sound that came out was the voice of his friend.

Above the electric applause that greeted his final curtain he heard the voice again, although he had not opened his lips. The voice said: "So long as you live, you shall never play another part. I shall play them all."

In the asylum they say the stupid actor has grown very shy and retiring.

★ ★ ★
STORY 3

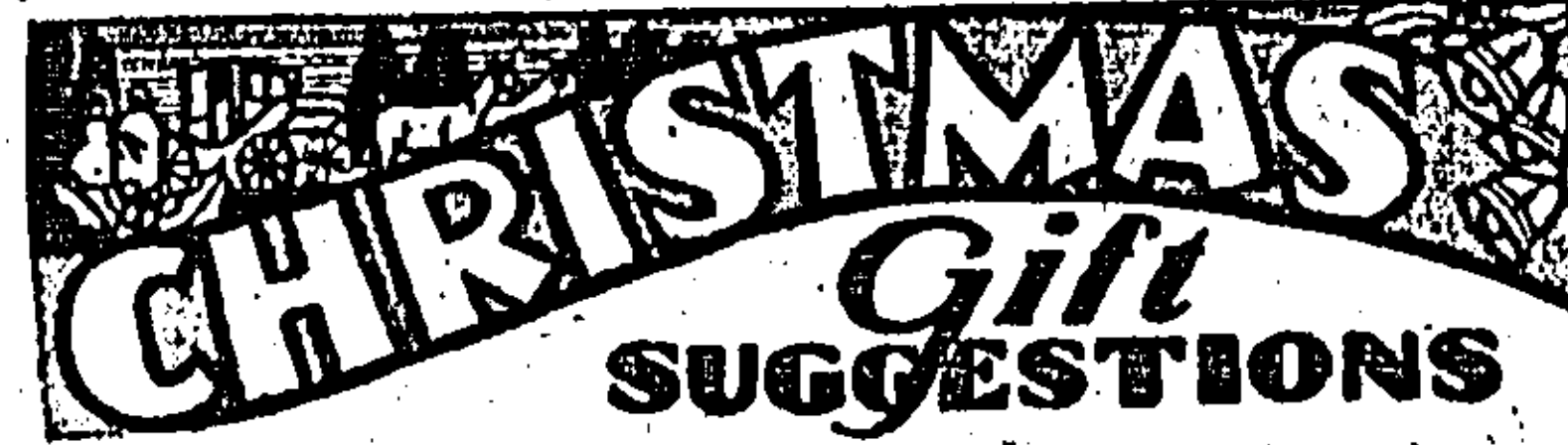
FINALLY, a wedding story. After the ceremony the groom took his bride away to a quiet little hotel, away up on the moors and miles from any other habitation. They wanted to be so quiet.

The first night they dined well, alone, and in front of a log fire in the bar parlour. The fire quite soon made them sleepy and they decided to go up at once to bed.

It was a four-poster bed, hung with crimson damask curtains, but apart from this one medieval touch, the room was snug, draughtless and cheerful.

The bride was soon in bed and the groom was hardly a minute in following her. "Hang it," he said suddenly, "I forgot to switch the light out!" and he stared resentfully across the room at the light switch on the far side by the door.

"Don't worry, darling. I'll turn the light out," said the bride. And, without stirring, she stretched out her white arm. It went on and on and on. Across the room and on, until her little white hand reached the switch. And she turned the light off....

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Cigarettes (Xmas Pack)

GROCERY DEPT.

Xmas Hampers
Mince-meat, Xmas Puddings, Dates,
Figs, Muscatels, Nuts, etc.
\$34.00 each.

BUSINESS HOURS DURING X'MAS SEASON

Saturday 20/12/47 — 9.00 a.m. to 5.00 p.m. Tuesday 23/12/47—9.00 a.m. to 6.00 p.m.
Monday 22/12/47 — 9.00 a.m. to 6.00 p.m. Wednesday 24/12/47—9.00 a.m. to 7.00 p.m.

LANE, CRAWFORD LTD.

Exchange Building
Kowloon Branch

Telephone: 28151
Telephone: 59922



Christmas and New Year Festivities

PENINSULA HOTEL	HONGKONG HOTEL	REPULSE BAY HOTEL
XMAS EVE—December 24th	XMAS EVE—December 24th	XMAS EVE—December 24th
SPECIAL DINNER DANCE till 2 a.m.	GALA DINNER DANCE till 2 a.m.	SPECIAL DINNER DANCE till 2 a.m.
XMAS DAY—December 25th		XMAS DAY—December 25th
SPECIAL DINNER DANCE till 1 a.m.		TEA DANCE 4.00—6.00 p.m.
BOXING DAY— December 26th	BOXING DAY— December 26th	BOXING DAY— December 26th
SPECIAL DINNER DANCE till 1 a.m.	SPECIAL DINNER DANCE till 1 a.m.	TEA DANCE 4.00—6.00 p.m.
NEW YEAR'S EVE— December 31st	NEW YEAR'S EVE— December 31st	NEW YEAR'S EVE— December 31st
SPECIAL DINNER DANCE till 2 a.m.	GALA DINNER DANCE till 2 a.m.	SPECIAL DINNER DANCE till 2 a.m.
		NEW YEAR'S DAY January 1st 1948
		TEA DANCE 4.00—6.00 p.m.

RESERVATIONS AT RESPECTIVE HOTELS.

The Hongkong & Shanghai Hotels, Ltd.

FOR YOUR PARTY

Something Up your sleeve

A QUIET snoozy Christmas round the fire, or a Christmas that goes with a noisy swing—you know which one you've chosen for yourself.

Whichever it is, we're hoping it will be full of pleasure for you. And we're giving you something to keep up your sleeve, to fill in those "what shall we do now?" gaps which occur in every "play day."

Games leisurely and active — you'll find them here. Take your choice . . . and have a good time.

Quiet

WRITE down two names—of members of the party, or well-known people—which have the same number of letters. For example:

ALASTAIR
ROSALIND

The game is to make a square of the names by filling in words beginning and ending with the corresponding letters of the two names. Our example could begin: Antater; LudO; ArmieS—and so on.

The first person to complete the square is the winner. If you like, he can scoop a pool—a half-penny from each player.

PROVERB PICTURES

A DRAWING game—but don't worry, because the worse you draw, the funnier it is.

Each player thinks of a well-known proverb, and illustrates it, and the rest have to try to guess what it is.

You aren't allowed to help out by writing any words in your picture.

ACTING DUMB

A SIMPLE "acting" game, that needs no dressing-up. One person goes out of the room, and the rest decide on a word.

They then act in dumbshow different meanings or interpretations of the word, and the player who went out has to guess what the word is from the combined performance.

Example: If the word is "sport" one player might be wielding an imaginary cricket bat, another doing the "breast stroke," and so on.

ANY QUESTIONS?

HALF the players in this game write down questions—on any subject they choose—fold them, and put them in a pile.

The other team, meanwhile, are writing down "answers"—any odd scrap of information on any topic that occurs to them.

These are put in a second pile. Then a "Question Master" takes a slip from each pile, and reads out a question, followed by an answer.

The more inappropriate the answer, the funnier the result.

Noisy

PRIZE FOR PARTNERS

THIS game is harmlessly noisy and starts any party with a swing.

When the guests arrive each receives a slip of paper with a word on it. These words pair up so that, after some rushing round, each guest can find a partner.

The words shouldn't pair too obviously. And if Mr "Half" thinks his search is finished when he's found Miss "Time"—while Mr "Some" and Miss "Penny" are left stranded—then the hostess must send him to search further.

But as soon as a guest has found his partner the hostess gives them a clue to the place where their prizes are hidden and they set off together to find them.

There should be an extra prize for the couple who find their gifts first, and a booby prize for the last pair.



"Men Only"

Quiz

THE girl in the sketch is all dressed up for the Christmas party. Women readers will be able to spot the fashion points which give her glamour—but can the men?

Try these questions on your men-folk and see how many answers they know.

Ask them the straight question first—don't give them the clue unless they're absolutely stuck. (Answers below).

1. A simple, but very up-to-date hairstyle. Name, please. (Clue: Helen of Troy probably wore it).
2. And what do you call the ribbon round the topknot? (Clue: It's one of these—bandeau, fillet, choker, tinea).

3. The elegant pendant on her neck is hand-carved from a shell. What do you call this special type of ornament? (Clue: You use the same word to describe a small, perfect picture).

4. That sloping neckline is a special style—what? (Clue: You wouldn't be pleased if she gave it to you!)

5. She is holding a fan. What word would you use to describe the way she uses it? (Clue: She may, or may not, be one herself).

6. Hip-drapery is very fashionable. What effect is given by that deep loop at the back? (Clue: Grandma will know the answer to that one).



STILLMAN'S

Freckle Cream

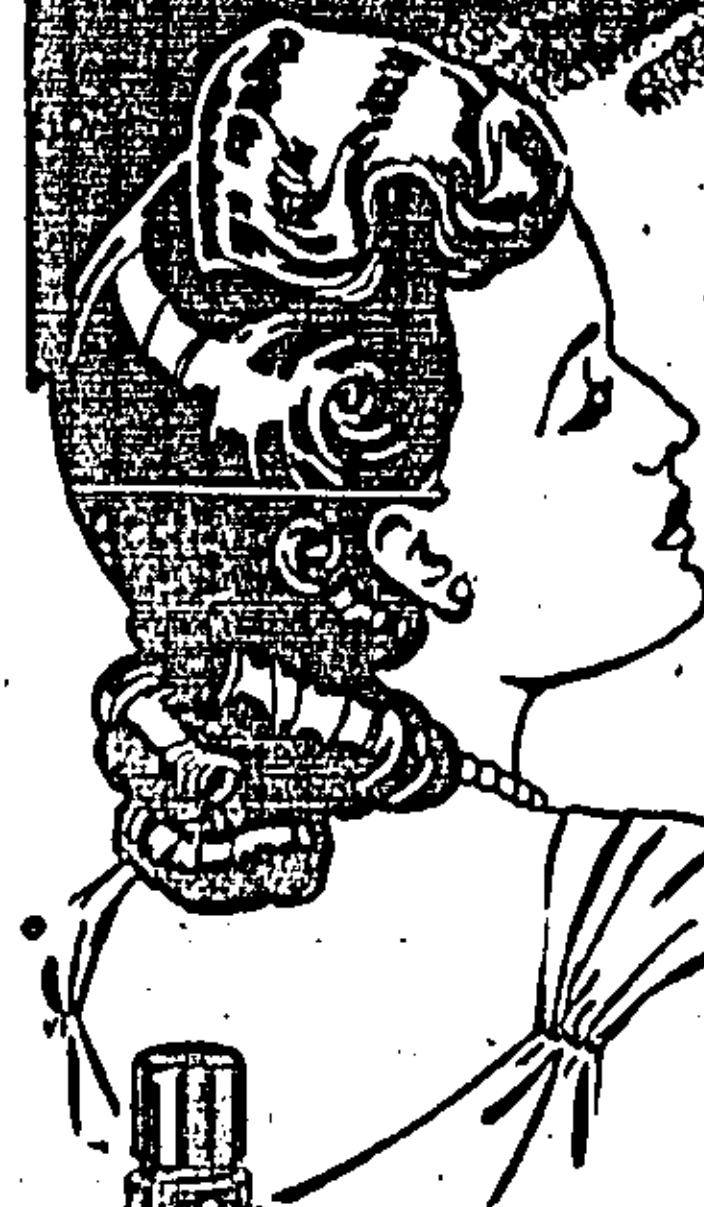
WILL CLARIFY YOUR SKIN

All of these "easy come" freckles can be "easy go" with the right preparation. Simply use Stillman's Freckle Cream regularly each night after cleansing, leaving it on the skin all night to do its work while you sleep.

Not only will Stillman's Freckle Cream fade freckles, it will also give the skin a fresh, youthful, translucent appearance.

After the freckles disappear you will notice how much clearer, fresher, and smoother your skin becomes. Try Stillman's Freckle Cream today.

Glostora



Just a few drops—a touch-of GLOSTORA will enhance the natural beauty of your hair . . . will awaken its natural luster! It's

Glostora

FOR THAT SMART, FINISHED LOOK!

Ask the Children

CHRISTMAS is, above all, a children's day. See how much your children know about the traditions which surround it.

1. You ought to have either a star or an angel on the top of your tree. What does it stand for?

2. "Santa Claus" is a short way of saying—well, what?

3. The name "Boxing Day" has nothing to do with fighting. Do you know why it is called that?

4. Everyone knows the carol about "Good King Wenceslaus." What is the present-day name of the country where he was king?

5. There's an old name for the day when Christmas decorations are taken down. What is it?

6. Do you know where turkeys came from originally?

7. Christmas trees were first introduced into Britain when a Queen was on the throne. Which Queen—Elizabeth, Anne or Victoria?

Party piece

HERE'S a revival of the days when the words "Do bring your music" were automatically included in a party invitation. But it's a revival with a difference.

At your party the unsuspecting guests won't know that anything is going to be sprung on them until it's too late to avoid it.

You, as host and hostess, decide beforehand what each one has to do. Some kind of impersonation is usually best, but choose something you think they can do.

Make a list beforehand of the guests and the "party pieces" you have chosen for them—they can be done as double acts if you like—so that there is no gap between each "performance".

No preparation is allowed. Call out the name of the guest, the description of the piece, and then he or she must get on with it. Time limit: Two minutes.

Anyone failing to keep going for that time pays a forfeit.

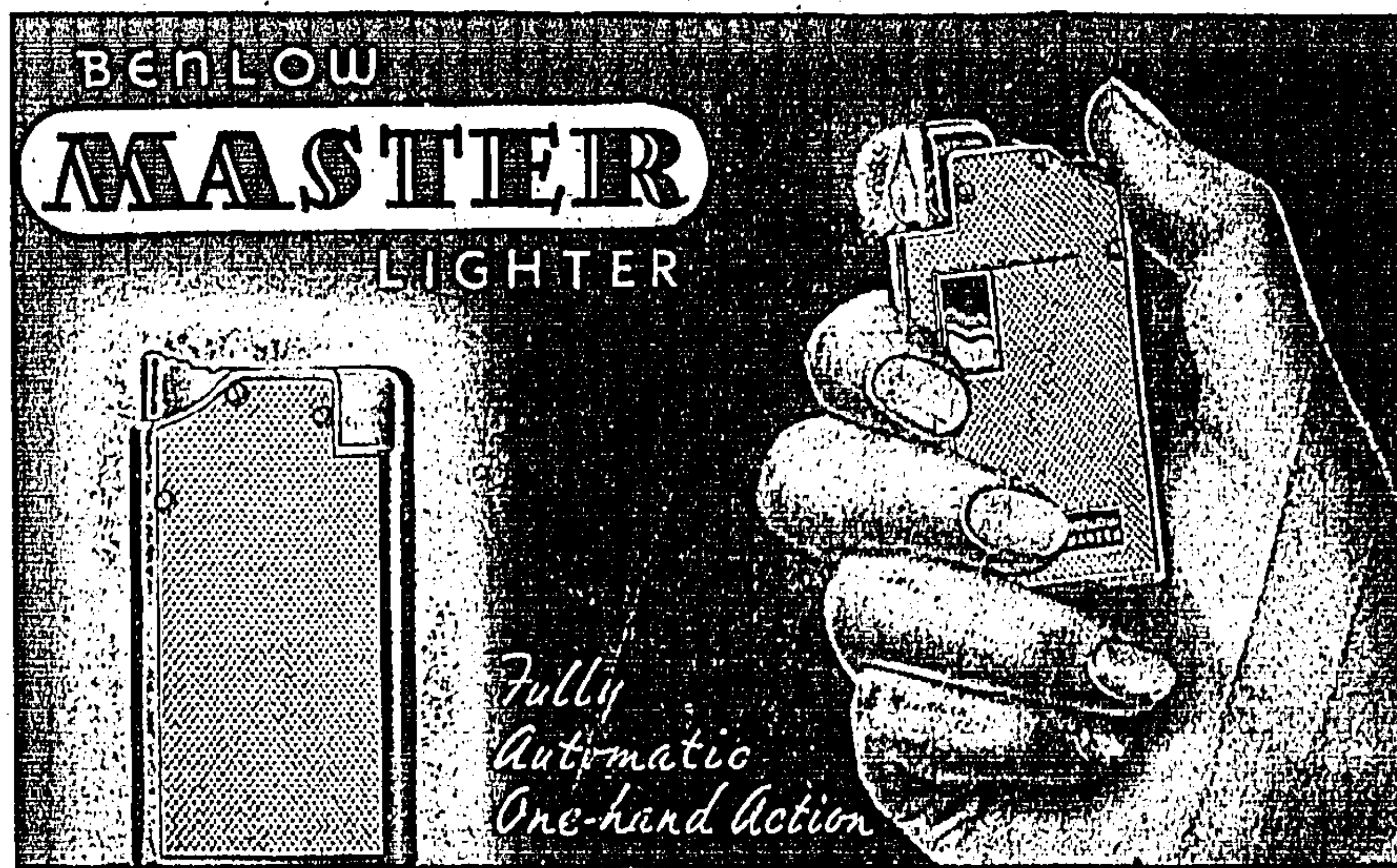
QUIZ ANSWERS

MEN ONLY

1. Grecian. 2. Fillet. 3. Cameo. 4. Cold-shoulder. 5. Fillet. 6. Bustle.

CHILDREN

1. The Star of Bethlehem. 2. Saint Nicholas, patron saint of children. 3. It was the day when Christmas "boxes"—presents—were distributed. 4. Czechoslovakia. 5. Twelfth Night (12 days after Christmas). 6. South America. 7. Victoria.



A DISTINCTIVE GIFT FOR HANDSOME MEN!

Each Benlow Master Lighter is supplied in a neat Suede Leather Purse contained in a Gold Printed Gift Box!

The Benlow Master Lighter is guaranteed free of any mechanical defects and is absolutely fuel-tight. Great fuel capacity! More light per filling than any other existing lighter!

Free servicing guaranteed! Spare parts supplied "free of charge" by the Agents and all Authorized Dealers!

On Sale now at all Leading Stores!

WOMANSENSE AT CHRISTMAS

Yuletide Feasting

THE festival of Christmas is inseparably associated with feasting. Even in the most modest of our homes, this is accomplished by a certain amount of ceremony, of joyful planning and preparation. Now, if ever, come perfect meals. Food must be something as extra special as the occasion.

Here are two special suggestions for Yuletide feasting:

HOLIDAY COOKIES

Preparation time: 25 min.
(2-4 hours chilling time)

1/2 cup butter, 2 1/2 cups sifted, enriched flour
2 eggs, well beaten, 1/2 tsp. baking powder
2 lbs. ground 1/2 tsp. salt
3 lbs. ground 1/2 tsp. nutmeg

CREAM butter or margarine, add sugar gradually and continue to cream until light. Add eggs, citron, and - almonds and mix thoroughly. Sift together remaining dry ingredients. Add to the first mixture and mix well. Chill thoroughly (overnight if possible). Roll out dough 1/4 inch thick on a lightly floured board. Cut into shapes with fancy cookie cutters and put a teaspoon of date filling made as follows between pairs of cookies. Combine 1 cup chopped dates, 1/2 cup corn syrup and 3 lbs. water. Cook over a low flame until mixture thickens. Remove from heat and add 1/2 cup finely-chopped nuts. Chill. Press edges of cookies together and place on a greased baking sheet. Bake in a moderately hot oven 375° F for 10-12 minutes.

Makes 2 1/2 doz. filled cookies
130 cal. per cookie
Source of vitamin A, B complex.

CHRISTMAS COFFEE CAKE

Preparation time: 1 1/2 hrs.

1 cup shortening, 1/2 cup raisins
1 cup sugar, 1/2 cup chopped dates
4 eggs, 1/2 cup chopped, candied orange peel
4 cups sifted, enriched flour
4 tsp. baking powder, 1/2 cup chopped citron
1/2 tsp. salt, 1 tsp. almond
1 cup milk, 1 flavour

CREAM shortening, add sugar gradually and beat until light. Beat in eggs one at a time. Sift to-

THE BIRD

COOKING TIMES for turkey or goose.

(8-10lb.) 2 1/2-3 hrs.
(10-14lb.) 3 1/2-4 hrs.

CHICKEN. — Nowadays it is always safer to steam or boil even a roasting fowl before roasting. A small bird, needs half-an-hour's boiling, followed by a further 1/2-3/4 hour's roasting.

A boiling fowl will need 2 1/2 to 3 hours on a low flame to make it tender. Keep the pan covered, and turn the fowl at half-time.

GOOSE-GREASE. — A medium-sized goose should provide you with about 1/2 lb. of valuable clear dripping. Here is how to get it, and how to prevent the goose from being too fatty.

Start it cooking breast down, in one inch deep boiling water. When it has been cooking 1-1 1/2 hours in a moderate oven, turn it over.

With a sharp-pronged fork prick the skin frequently—don't let the fork go into the flesh—while the bird continues to cook.

Pay special attention to the folds between the body and legs and wings.

The surplus fat will ooze out. It should be removed before you make your gravy.

To test whether your bird is done, take the leg bone and move the joint between thigh and body—you'll then be able to feel just how tender the bird is.

gether the dry ingredients and add alternately with the milk to the first mixture. Beat butter after each addition until smooth. Add raisins, dates, orange peel, citron and almond flavour and mix well. Pour into a greased 9 inch tube pan and bake in a moderate oven 350° F for 1 hour. Remove cake from pan and while still warm frost with icing made as follows: Add 2 lbs. of hot water to 1 cup sifted confectioners' sugar and mix well. Add 1/4 tsp. almond flavour and 1/4 cup blanched almonds, sliced and toasted.

Serves 10-12
430 cal. per serving
Source of vitamins A, B complex.

LET'S DECORATE

SUGGESTIONS FOR MAKING INEXPENSIVE DECORATIONS FOR HONGKONG HOMES

"THIS the Season for kindling the fire of hospitality in the hall and the genial fire of charity in the heart"—Washington Irving.

Christmas is the greatest day of the year—it is universal, ageless and joyous. It is a homely time and it's joy is created by the good spirit of individual people within a household. Christmas decorations should reflect the spirit and originality of the family within each home.

Original decorations are easy and fun to make. They are simple and the whole family from the youngest to the oldest can help. The result will be gay and original.

This year, Hongkong has two decorating problems: Because of the reforestation plans, few pine boughs and trees are available. The high price of store-bought decorations make decorating expensive.

Here are some easily made original suggestions which can be made inexpensively with crepe paper, glue, and a few pine twigs which may be picked off the ground beneath the trees.

CHRISTMAS STREAMERS

INGREDIENTS: red, green and white crepe paper; needle and thread.

Cut strips of red and white paper in three inch widths. Lay one end of the red strip on top of and at right angles to one end of the green strip. Fold the green strip on top of the red strip. Then fold the red strip on top of the green strip. Repeat this until the entire lengths of the strips have been folded. Take a needle and thread and sew through the middle of the three inch square package. Do not cut the thread. Pull one end of the streamer out until it is extended as long as desired. Fasten the two ends of the thread at each end of the streamer. This thread keeps the twisted streamer in place, and it can be safely hung without danger of slipping.

Streamers are especially effective to decorate a large room with little

time and effort. In just half an hour, you can make the house look gay.

BALLOON FATHER CHRISTMAS

INGREDIENTS: red balloon; white and blue water colours; red crepe paper; white paper; cotton wool.

Inflate a balloon and paint eyes in white and blue. Make an adjoining moustache and beard of cotton wool, leaving a hole for the mouth. Glue on the balloon. With a small bit of red crepe paper, make a nose and glue on. Place one tuft of cotton above each eye for eyebrows. Out of red crepe paper, make a hat and stick on top. A tuft of cotton can be glued to the peak of the cap. Make ears out of white paper and stick on. Add any additions you like—spectacles, hair etc.

The best glue to use for this is the plastic balloon-blowing glue which can be found almost anywhere along Des Voeux or Queen's Road.

CHRISTMAS TREES FOR THE MANTEL

INGREDIENTS: stiff green paper; red paper or cloth bows. Small pieces of wood.

Cut simple Christmas trees in different sizes out of the stiff green paper. The red bows around the tree. Cut a slit in a small piece of wood and insert stem of tree.

These make very effective mantel-piece decorations.

BERRY BRANCH

INGREDIENTS: one large dead branch, well shaped; about 20 large red Christmas tree balls.

Clean branch. Leave in natural state or, if desired, paint white or silver. Hang the red balls on the ends of the branch.

This produces the effect of a giant spray of glistening red Christmas berries and is a festive decoration to hang above the fireplace.

BELLS FOR THE BANISTERS

INGREDIENTS: live or six large red paper bells, available in almost every stationery shop in Hongkong and Kowloon. A large silver or white paper or cloth ribbon.

Tie bells along the silver ribbon at odd intervals. At one end of

CHRISTMAS SALE

FINEST RANGE

FOR YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

LINGERIE
FINE LINEN
HANDKERCHIEFS

ALL OF TRULY DELIGHTFUL QUALITY

AND MODERATE PRICES.

AT OUR KOWLOON STORE

Finest Cosmetics. Stylish Watches by famous makers, etc.

Gent's and Ladies' Shoes of quality LADIES' EXPERT TAILORS

Do Your Christmas Shopping Early

Hongkong & Shanghai Sack Co

Wyndham Street, Tols. 31411, 24552, Hongkong.
Hankow Road, Tel. 59109, Kowloon.

BILIOUS?

☐ Pain after eating
☐ Indigestion
☐ Nausea
☐ Loss of appetite
☐ Sour Stomach

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia acts quickly yet gently when you need an alkaliizer. Distress disappears like magic. Phillips' sweetens the stomach and tones up the entire digestive system.

IN LIQUID AND TABLET FORM

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

Christina's diamond ring...

She's Engaged!

Christina's complexion is beautifully soft and smooth

Christina is another Pond's bride-to-be, with dark hair, green-gray eyes. This is how she uses Pond's: She smooths Pond's Cold Cream over face, throat. Pats to soften and release dirt, make-up, wipes off. She rinses with more Pond's Cold Cream. Wipes again. "Makes my face

feel extra clean and soft," she says.

Pond's your face every night, every morning. You'll see why engaged girls like Christina and society beauties like Lady Charles Cavendish choose Pond's.



J. D. Seymour & Co., Inc., 43 French Bank Building, Hong Kong, China.

She's lovely! She uses Pond's!

Christmas Gifts of Quality!

For
• LADIES
• GENTLEMEN
• CHILDREN

SPECIAL PRICES FOR THE SPECIAL OCCASION

Cambridge COMPANY LIMITED

The Real SANTA CLAUS

SANTA CLAUS isn't a Laplander at all, and never saw a reindeer in his life. Actually he was a Greek bishop, Nicholas of Myra, who lived in the fourth century. He was both generous and shy, and hated to be thanked for the presents he was continually making to those in need.

Once he climbed to a roof top and dropped a purse of gold down the chimney so that he would not be seen. The money, instead of falling in the fire, lodged in a child's stocking that had been hung up to dry on the mantelpiece.

That is the origin of stocking hanging. Whenever unexpected gifts came from unknown sources they were attributed to St. Nicholas.

Children loved St. Nicholas, and trudged along beside him as he travelled the dusty roads of the Lycia countryside bringing fruit and candy to the sick and needy.

One of many stories told of his goodness concerns a poor and honest man, and his three good and beautiful daughters. The father was unhappy, for poverty prevented his giving the customary dowries to his

daughters, and for this reason they could never have suitable husbands. One night a bag of coins was tossed in at his window. The next night the act was repeated. But on the third night the father watched, and the anonymous giver was detected. The jolly bishop stood with the third bag of coins in his hand. The father was very proud, and he wouldn't accept the money. The good bishop begged the poor man to accept the gifts and use them for his daughters' dowries, requesting that his name never be revealed. At last the father accepted the money for his daughters, but he couldn't keep the name of the generous bishop a secret.

The tradition of St. Nicholas in America was spread by German and Scandinavian settlers, and introduced from there to England at the end of the eighteenth century. His name, became, corrupted to Santa Claus. His gown of scarlet, trimmed with white fur, is a Swiss idea.

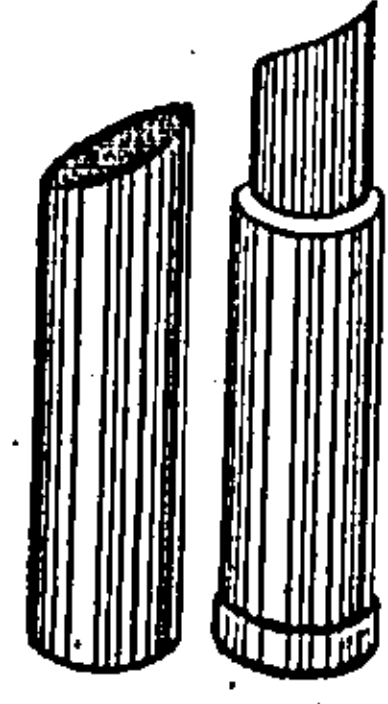
It is thought that St. Nicholas died about 345 A. D., and for thirty days following his festival day his genial spirit roams the earth, filling the hearts of mankind with love and generosity. He gave his gifts without the thought of return—the true spirit of St. Nicholas and Christmas.



MEMBER OF THE LONDON MODEL HOUSE GROUP

Have much pleasure in announcing that a limited collection of model gowns and suits are now enroute by air and will be available shortly. Photographs with material samples of these and latest spring-summer models may be viewed now.

Sole Representative—ALYSON TALAN—Telephone 23925



Created by the makers of the famous OLD SOUTH Toilettes

Sole Agents
NAN KANG COMPANY
Union Bldg., H.K.

Wishing

Our Patrons

A Joyous Christmas

and a

Happy New Year

A Choice Selection Of
Delicious

X'MAS FARE

is available at all

DAIRY FARM BRANCHES

CHICKENS	(Australian)	\$2.90	per lb.
BOILING FOWLS	(Australian)	\$2.00	" "
GEESE	(Farm Fed)	\$2.85	" "
AUSTRALIAN HAM	(Whole)	\$2.20	" "

THE DAIRY FARM ICE & COLD STORAGE CO., LTD.

"The Food Specialists"

JOHNNIE WALKER WHISKY.

BLACK AND RED LABEL

ALTHOUGH STOCKS ARE STRICTLY LIMITED

THE QUALITY OF THE WHISKY

IS STILL SUPREME

BORN 1820—STILL GOING STRONG

SOLE AGENTS:

CALDBECK MACGREGOR & CO., LTD.

2 CHATER ROAD.

TELEPHONE 20075.

This Rare
Delight

Christmas is coming, the geese are getting fat. Please to put a penny in the old man's hat. If you haven't got a penny, a ha'penny will do. If you haven't got a ha'penny, God bless you!

ALREADY the stores are thronged with shoppers. In the toy departments long queues of children await their turn for a Jet-propelled Rocket Trip to the Moon, or for a dip in the bran-sack of the woolen-whiskered Santa Claus.

• There is a rare delight about Christmas shopping. It can pose the most fascinating and baffling problems. To select, for each relation and close friend, some present exactly suited to their own particular quirks of taste and equally well-adjusted to the donor's pocket provides a task which strains the ingenuity and persistence of even the most experienced bargain-hunters.

• First, utility, in no Crippsian sense, must be balanced against the ornamental values. Brothers and sisters may be glad of an engagement calendar or even some kitchen gadget. But aged aunts seem to prefer gaudier things, with which they can add to the cluttered confusion of their living-room table. In general, the more distant the relative, the more decorative the gift must be.

• Then the need for Surprise must be weighed against the claims of Need. These days the wife may inquire what is wanted rather than waste time and money buying some extravagant and unnecessary gift. Yet Christmas without its unexpected packages to be prodded, weighed and shaken before they are stored away for the great day would lose much of its festive charm.

• Presents for the children are exceptionally difficult. Their violent inclinations should be fairly satisfied; on the other hand, the peace of their homes must not be unduly disrupted. Guns, drums and the warlike impedimenta of martial life will certainly please their recipients. But parents may take a different view. Luckily, both the quality and quantity of toys have much improved this year.

• Other puzzling and intriguing issues remain. Should Christmas cards be chosen for their design or their motto? Is it better to plump boldly for specific books, or to invest safely in tokens? Are there any useless wedding presents still left in the attic?

• When, after a fashion, all these questions have been solved, the final delight remains of watching others struggle with their own tasks. Strong men quail beneath the gaze of the humblest shop assistant as they make their annual pilgrimage to the lingerie department. The hardest shoppers wilt in the attempt to track down some special item in a multiple store. Amid them it is always possible to discern those cool, experienced women, hot on the trail of the latest fully fashioned stockings.



1947 years of progress

by BUNBURY

THIS THOUGHT-READER HAD
THE WAR OFFICE WORRIEDBy a London
Correspondent

BY sitting a man down in a quiet room and allowing him absolute quiet so that his thoughts may be uninterrupted, we may discover the detailed plans and secrets of an enemy Power.

That is a very real possibility in the opinion of Maurice Fogel, a 34-year-old London man, whose remarkable demonstrations in mind-reading have attracted considerable attention in Europe and the United States.

He has already succeeded in convincing that most prosaic of all bodies, the British War Office, of his genuineness and of the practicability of his idea.

He first offered his services to the British Government in March, 1946, and the War Office hesitatingly agreed to listen to what he had to say.

At 11.30 a.m. on Monday, April 1, 1946, Fogel was placed in a room with a number of high-ranking officers and scientists who were naturally enough, rather sceptical and faintly amused.

The senior officer glanced at the clock. "In the next room," he said, "a message is about to be written down. Tell us what it is."

To their utter amazement, Maurice Fogel began to repeat the message word for word as it was being written down.

This was more than they had bargained for. They sat up and began to take notice.

When Fogel went on to repeat telephone conversations which were taking place in another part of the building (calls which were immediately checked and found absolutely correct), to tell the names and numbers they were thinking of and even correcting himself as they changed their minds, the officers were completely non-plussed.

Considerably embarrassed

They had known for some time, of course, that considerable embarrassment had been caused at various camps where Maurice Fogel had been stationed, through details of postings being known before they had been promulgated.

But they hadn't realised it could be anything like this.

Gunner M. Fogel was immediately required to give an official undertaking not to divulge to any unauthorised person his knowledge of future troop movements.

Fogel will tell you immediately what is passing through your mind. He will tell you the name of someone you are thinking of, a telephone number you are mentally asking for, and even the contents of a paper you are reading the other side of the room.

And he will even do all these things on the telephone when he is hundreds of miles away from you.

Dark, slightly built, with thin, sensitive features, he is full of vitality and a restless, nervous energy. He is the son of Polish parents.

On April 17, 1947, he attempted the biggest experiment he has yet made.

From the West Cliff Theatre at Clacton-on-Sea he was in communication by transatlantic telephone with Professor J. B. Rhine, of Duke University, North Carolina.

In the room were a number of observers, and it is noteworthy that at no time did Maurice Fogel speak on the telephone himself.

One of the observers, Mr. Redman, spoke with Professor Rhine and asked him to think of a familiar object. Amid silence Fogel picked up a pencil and began to draw, slowly at first and then rapidly.

When he had finished, and not until then, Mr. Redman asked Professor Rhine what he had thought of.

"A boat," was the answer.

Drew the object

Maurice Fogel then revealed his drawing—a boat.

There could be no question of Fogel having read Mr. Redman's mind, for it was not until Fogel had completed his drawing that Mr. Redman himself knew what Professor Rhine had thought of.

Unfortunately, further tests were prevented through a breakdown in the telephone circuit, but Maurice Fogel hopes to carry out further experiments of a more exhaustive and conclusive nature.

He also hopes to establish mental communication between a person in a submarine on the bed of the ocean and another on a surface ship, and also with the pilot of an aeroplane in flight.

"We know comparatively little of the workings of the human mind," says Fogel.

"We are, at present, standing only on the threshold. Psychology, telepathy, clairvoyance, hypnotism, faith-healing—they are all linked by a common denominator.

"I am particularly interested in the study of the human mind from the healing point of view.

"Think what a boon it would be if a specialist could know just what was passing through a patient's mind, know all his symptoms and worries without having to subject the patient to a long and tiring rôle of searching questions.

"I neither believe nor disbelieve in spiritualism. I prefer to keep an open mind for the present.

"At the same time I have experienced many a happening which, on the face of it, could not have been explained by any of the known laws of science.

"Last year, while I was staying at a well-known holiday resort, a lady came to see me on a personal matter. As soon as she entered the room I felt that something was wrong.

Explain this one

"You should go home at once," I told her. "Don't ask me how I know or why, because I can't tell you. I only feel that you should go home immediately—you are needed."

"But I only came down yesterday," she said.

"You must go home," I insisted. "Go home by the next train."

"A few days later I received a letter from her saying that she had taken my advice and returned home—to find that her husband had been taken seriously ill and had been asking for her.

"Her return at that moment had probably saved his life."

WHEN you awake in the morning feeling tired and looking your best, filled with the vitality and zest which make light of problems and difficulties... you will have had a really good night's sleep.

Why not enjoy this kind of sleep every night? A cup of delicious Ovaltine at bedtime will help you because it has a soothing influence on brain and nerves, assists you to relax and induces the conditions most favourable to peaceful sleep.

While you sleep Ovaltine provides concentrated, easily digested nutriment, derived from Nature's best foods—malt, milk and eggs—which does much to restore nerve-strength, energy and vitality.

Contains Vitamins A, B1, B2, D, Nicotin, Calcium, Iron, Phosphorus

Drink delicious

Ovaltine
For Restorative Sleep

Obtainable at all leading Compradores & Dispensaries

Sole Agent:

JARDINE MATHESON & CO., LTD.

NEXT CHANGE
at the
KING'S

W-G-M's BIG TECHNICOLOR MUSICAL
"The Picture of the Month"
says Louella Parsons

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MONTALBAN
The Screen's Newest Romantic Sensation!

A "Faust" Story with an Irish setting

SIR DOMINICK SARSFIELD

IN the early autumn of the year 1838 business called me to the South of Ireland. The weather was delightful, the scenery and people were new to me, and, sending my luggage on by the mail-coach route in charge of a servant, I hired a servicable nag, at a posting-house, and, full of the curiosity of an explorer, I commenced a leisurely journey of five-and-twenty miles on horseback, by sequestered crossroads, to my place of destination.

It was about four o'clock when the road, ascending a gradual steep, found a passage through a rocky gorge between the abrupt termination of a range of mountains to my left and a rocky hill that rose dark and sudden at my right. Below me lay a little thatched village, under a long line of gigantic beech trees, through the boughs of which the lowly chimneys sent up their thin turf-smoke. To my left, stretched away for miles, ascending the mountain range I have mentioned, a wild park, through whose sward and ferns the rock broke, time-worn and lichen-stained.

As you descend, the road winds slightly, with the grey park-wall, built of loose stone, and mantled here and there with ivy, at its left, and crosses a shallow ford; and as I approached the village, through the breaks in the woodlands, I caught glimpses of the long front of an old ruined house, placed among the trees, about half-way up the picturesque mountain-side.

THE solitude and melancholy of this ruin piqued my curiosity, and when I had reached the rude thatched public-house, with the sign of St. Columbkille, with roben, mitre, and crozier displayed over its lintel, having seen to my horse and made a good meal myself on a rasher and eggs, I began to think again of the wooded park and the ruinous house, and resolved on a ramble of half an hour among its sylvan solitudes.

The name of the place, I found, was Dunoran; and beside the gate a little admittance to the grounds, through which, with a passive enjoyment, I began to saunter towards the dilapidated mansion.

A long grass-grown road, with many turns and windings, led up to the old house, under the shadow of the wood.

BY THE WAY

by Beachcomber

(From my special correspondent)

WAGGLING PARVA

7.32, Wagglings Parva time. Tomorrow morning, Dr Strabismus (Whom God Preserve) of Utrecht will jerk back the zunge-lever which will release the Moonbeam on its moonward quest.

In that split second, history will begin to be made, and man in his pride will reach out to grasp the secret of the interstellar spaces. Fluctuating skyward at a speed so terrific that imagination boggles, the compact mass of metal will cleave its pioneer trail through the pathless stratosphere, carrying the little band of specialists into strange realms undreamed of in our philosophy. As man at last on the point of solving the riddle of the moon? The outcome will tell. All we can do is to salute the courageous Strabismus and his team as they prepare to launch themselves on a journey beside which the dreams of the scientists pale into insignificance stop.

Little Bo-Pest

"DAY-DY, why do pol-i-tic-i-ans keep on talk-ing ab-out the Dun-kirk spir-i-t?"

"That, boy, was the in-dom-it-ab-le spir-it of our sol-diers in the war." "And did the sol-diers at Dun-kirk re-fuse to fight an-y thing unless they got short-er hours and more pay?"

"Well—of course not, boy. Stop ask-ing ques-ti-ons."

In Passing

THE news that New South Wales officials have put the wrong man's head on a stamp has made philatelists almost foam at the mouth with joy. It is as though a collector of first editions had heard of a shop where they were selling a first edition of "War and Peace" with page 314 (repeated three times) following page 712 and preceding page 10. I believe there is a firm which prints grotesque stamps in order to catch the collectors. Some dealer orders, let us say, a twopenny-halfpenny with Mr. Humphrey Bogart's face on it, and then advertises it in the Philatelist's Argus.

What do I care?

CUSTOMS officials who followed a man into an hotel at a port found the chimney of the room stuffed with nylon stockings—17,348 pairs. "What are all these doing here?" they asked. "Never saw them before in my life," said the traveller. "I've only just arrived. Perhaps all these things were brought by birds, to build their nests in the chimney." "And this trombone?" asked an official, producing the sooty instrument from the chimney. "Oh, that," said the traveller. "Some bandsman must have dropped it from a plane."

The road as it approached the house skirted the edge of a precipitous glen, clothed with hazel dwarf-oak and thorn, and the silent house stood with its wide-open hall-door facing this dark ravine.

I walked in and looked about me, through passages overgrown with nettles and weeds; from room to room with ceilings rotted, and here and there a great beam dark and worn, with tendrils of ivy trailing over it. The tall walls with rotten plaster were stained and mouldy, and in some rooms the remains of decayed wainscoting crazily swung to and fro.

The great staircase was of oak, which had stood the weather wonderfully, and I sat down upon its steps, musing vaguely on the transitoriness of all things under the sun.

Except for the hoarse and distant clamour of the rocks, hardly audible where I sat, no sound broke the profound stillness of the spot.

In this mood I heard, with an unpleasant surprise, close to me, a voice that was drawing, and, I

was wood when my father was a gossoon, and Murron Wood was the grandest of them all. 'Twas there Sir Dominick Sarsfield first met the devil, the Lord between us and harm, and a bad meeting it was for him and his.

I had become interested in the adventure which had occurred in the very scenery which had so greatly attracted me, and my new acquaintance, the little hunchback, was easily entreated to tell me the story, and spoke thus, so soon as we had each resumed his seat.

It was a fine estate when Sir Dominick came into it; and grand doings there were entirely, feasting and fiddling, free quarters for all the pipes in the country round, and a welcome for everyone that liked to come. There was wine, by the hogshend, for the quality; and pot-teen enough to set a town a-fire, and beer and cider enough to float a navy, for the boys and girls, and the likes of me. It was kept up the best part of a month, till the weather

By

SHERIDAN LE FANU

fancied, sneering, repeat the words: "Food for worms, dead and rotten, God over all."

There was a small window in the wall, here very thick, which had been built up, and in the dark recess of this, deep in the shadow, I now saw a sharp-featured man, sitting with his feet dangling. His keen eyes were fixed on me, and he was smiling cynically, and before I had well recovered my surprise, he repeated the distich:

"If death was a thing that money could buy, The rich they would live, and the poor they would die."

"It was a grand house in its day, sir," he continued, "Dunoran House, and the Sarsfields. Sir Dominick Sarsfield was the last of the old stock. He lost his life not six feet away from where you are sitting."

As he thus spoke he let himself down, with a little jump, on to the ground.

HE was a dark-faced, sharp-featured, little hunchback, and had a walking-stick in his hand, with the end of which he pointed to a rusty stain in the plaster of the wall.

"Do you mind that mark, sir?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, standing up, and looking at it, with a curious anticipation of something worth hearing. "That's about seven or eight feet from the ground, sir, and you'll not guess what it is."

"I dare say not," said I, "unless it is a stain from the weather."

"'Tis nothing so lucky, sir," he answered, with the same cynical smile and a wag of his head, still pointing at the mark with his stick. "That's a splash of brains and blood. It's there this hundred years; and it will never leave it while the wall stands."

"He was murdered, then?"

"Worse than that, sir," he answered. "He killed himself, perhaps?"

"Worse than that, itself, this cross between us and harm!"

He became silent, and looked at me.

"Sir Dominick Sarsfield's death was a long while before I was born. But my grandfather was butler here long ago, and many a time I heard tell how Sir Dominick came by his death. There was no master in the great house ever, since that happened."

"Eh! your honour, the woods about here is nothing to what they wor. All the mountains along here

broke, and the rain spoilt the sod for the moonen firs, and the fair of Allynbilly Killudeen comin' on they wor obliged to give over their diversion, and attend to the pigs."

But Sir Dominick was only beginnin' when they wor lavin' off. There was no way of gettin' rid of his money and estates he did not try—what with drinkin', dancin', racin', cards, and all sorts, it was not many years before the estates wor in debt, and Sir Dominick a distressed man."

front to the world as long as he could; and then he sold his dogs, and most of his horses, and gev out he was going to travel in France, and the like; and so off with him for a while; and no one in these parts heard tale or tidings of him for two or three years. Till at last comes unexpected, one night there comes a rapping at the big kitchen window. It was past ten o'clock, and old Cassius Hanlon, the butler, my grandfather, was sittin' by the fire alone warming his shins over it. There was keen east wind blowing along the mountains that night, and whistling cold enough through the tops of the trees and soundin' lonesome through the long chimneys.

So he wasn't quite sure of the knockin' at the window, and up he gets, and sees his master's face.

MY grandfather was glad to see him safe, for it was a long time since there was any news of him; but he was sorry, too, for it was a changed place and only himself and old Juggy Broadrick in charge of the house, and a man in the stables, and it was a bad thing to see him comin' back to his own like that.

He shook Con by the hand, and says he:

"I came here to say a word to you. I left my horse with Dick in the stable; I may want him again before morning, or I may never want him."

And with that he turns into the big kitchen, and draws a stool, and sits down to take an air of the fire.

"It's all over with me, Con," said Sir Dominick.

"Heaven forbid!" says my grandfather.

"'Tis past praying for," says Sir Dominick. "The last guinea's gone; the old place will follow it. It must be sold, and I'm come here, I don't know why, like a ghost to have a last look round me, and go off in the dark again."

And with that he told him to be sure, in case he should hear of his death, to give the oak box, in the closet off his room, to his cousin.

Pat, Sarsfield, in Dublin, and the sword and pistols his grandfather carried in Aughtim, and two or three trifling things of the kind.

And says he, "Con, they say if the devil gives you money overnight, 'twill find nothing but a bagful of pebbles, and chips, and nutshells, in the morning. If I thought he played fair, I'm in the humour to make a bargain with him tonight."

"Lord forbid!" says my grandfather, standing up, with a start, and crossing himself.

"They say the country's full of men, listin' rogues for the King of France. If I light on one o' them, I'll not refuse his offer. Have you any whisky?"

My grandfather took it out of the buffer, and the master pours out some into a bowl, and drank it off.

"I'll go out and have a look at my horse," says he, standing up. There was a sort of a stare in his eyes, as he pulled his riding-cloak about him, as if there was something bad in his thoughts.

"Sure, I won't be a minute running out myself to the stable, and looking after the horse for you myself," says my grandfather.

"I'm not goin' to the stable," says Sir Dominick; "I may as well tell you, for I see you found it out already—I'm goin' across the deer-park; if I come back you'll see me in an hour's time. But, anyhow, you'd better not follow me, for if you do, I'll shoot you, and that 'd be a bad ending to our friendship."

And with that he walks down this passage here, and turns the key in the side door at that end of it, and out wid him on the sod into the moonlight and the cold wind; and my grandfather seen him walkin' hard towards the park-wall, and then he comes in and closes the door with a heavy heart.

SIR Dominick stopped to think when he got to the middle of the deer-park, for he had not made up his mind when he left the house and the whisky did not clear his head, only it gev him courage.

And he made up his mind, if no better thought came to him between that and there, so soon as he came to Murron Wood, he'd hang himself from one of the oak branches with his cravat.

It was a bright moonlight night, there was just a bit of a cloud driving across the moon now and then, but, only for that, as light as a mist as day.

Down he goes, right for the wood of Murron. It seemed to him every step he took was as long as three, and it was no time till he was among the big oak-threes with their roots spreading from one to another.

Just as he made up his mind not to make away with him himself, what should he hear but a step clinkin' along the dry ground under the trees, and soon he sees a grand gentleman right before him comin' up to meet him.

He was a handsome young man like himself, and he wore a cocked hat with gold lace round it, such as officers wear on their coats, and he had on a dress the same as French officers wore in them times.

HE stopped opposite Sir Dominick, and he cum to a standstill also. "The two gentlemen took off their hats to one another, and says the stranger:

"I am recruiting, sir," says he, "for my sovereign, and you'll find my money won't turn into pebbles, chips, and nutshells, by tomorrow."

"Don't be afraid," says he, "the money won't burn you. If it proves honest gold, and if it prospers with you, I'm willing to make a bargain. This is the last day of February," says he; "I'll serve you seven years, and at the end of that time you shall serve me, and I'll come for you when the seven years is over, when the clock turns the minute between February and March; and the first of March you'll come away with me, or never. You'll not find me a bad master, any more than a bad servant. I love my own; and

(Continued on Page 11)



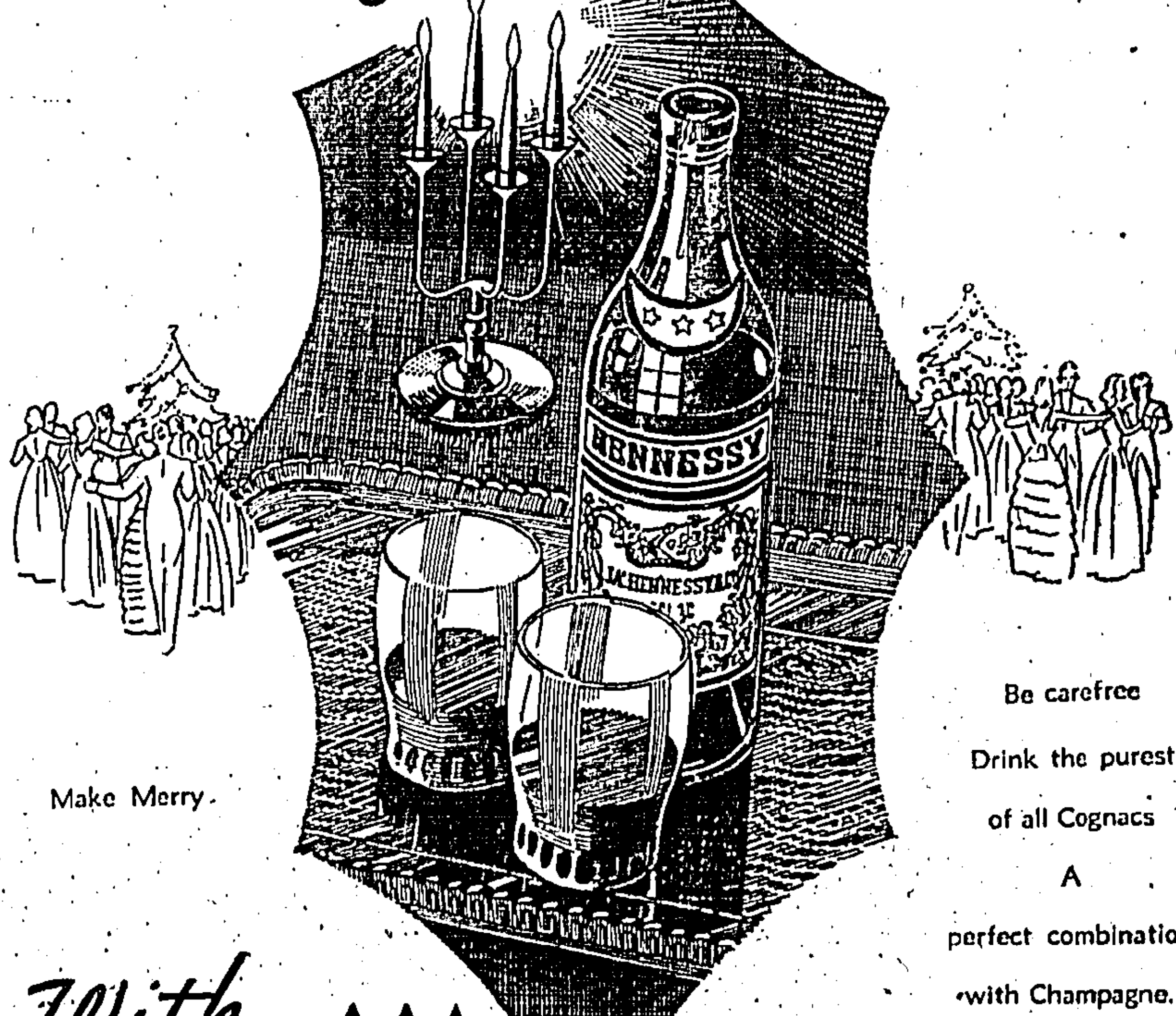
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TEA DANCE

Boxing Day 4 p.m. to 6 p.m.

TEA DANCE

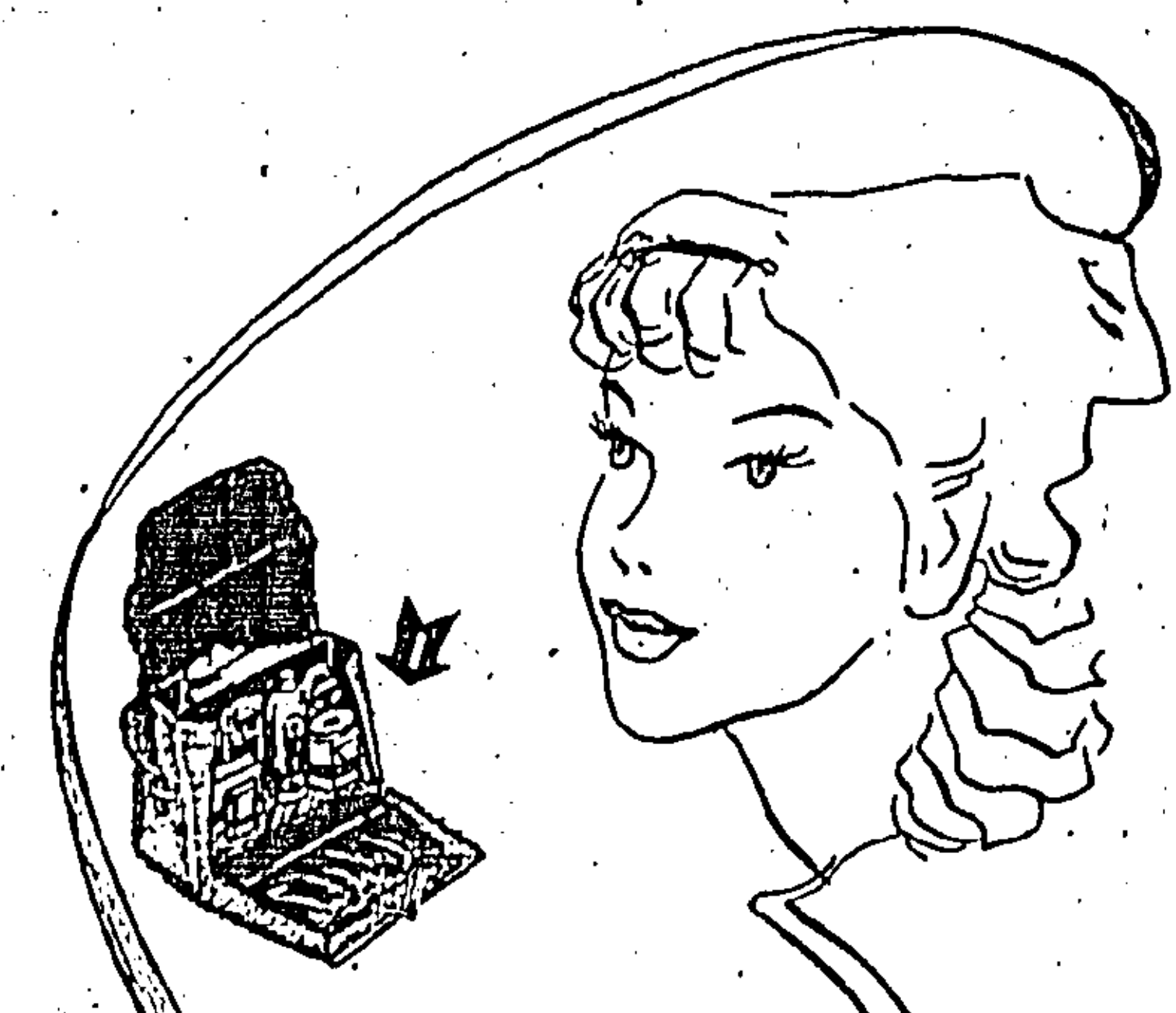
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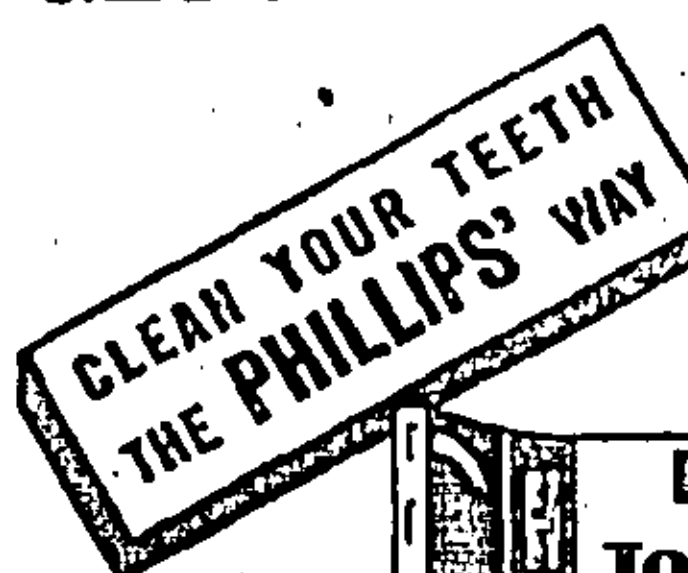
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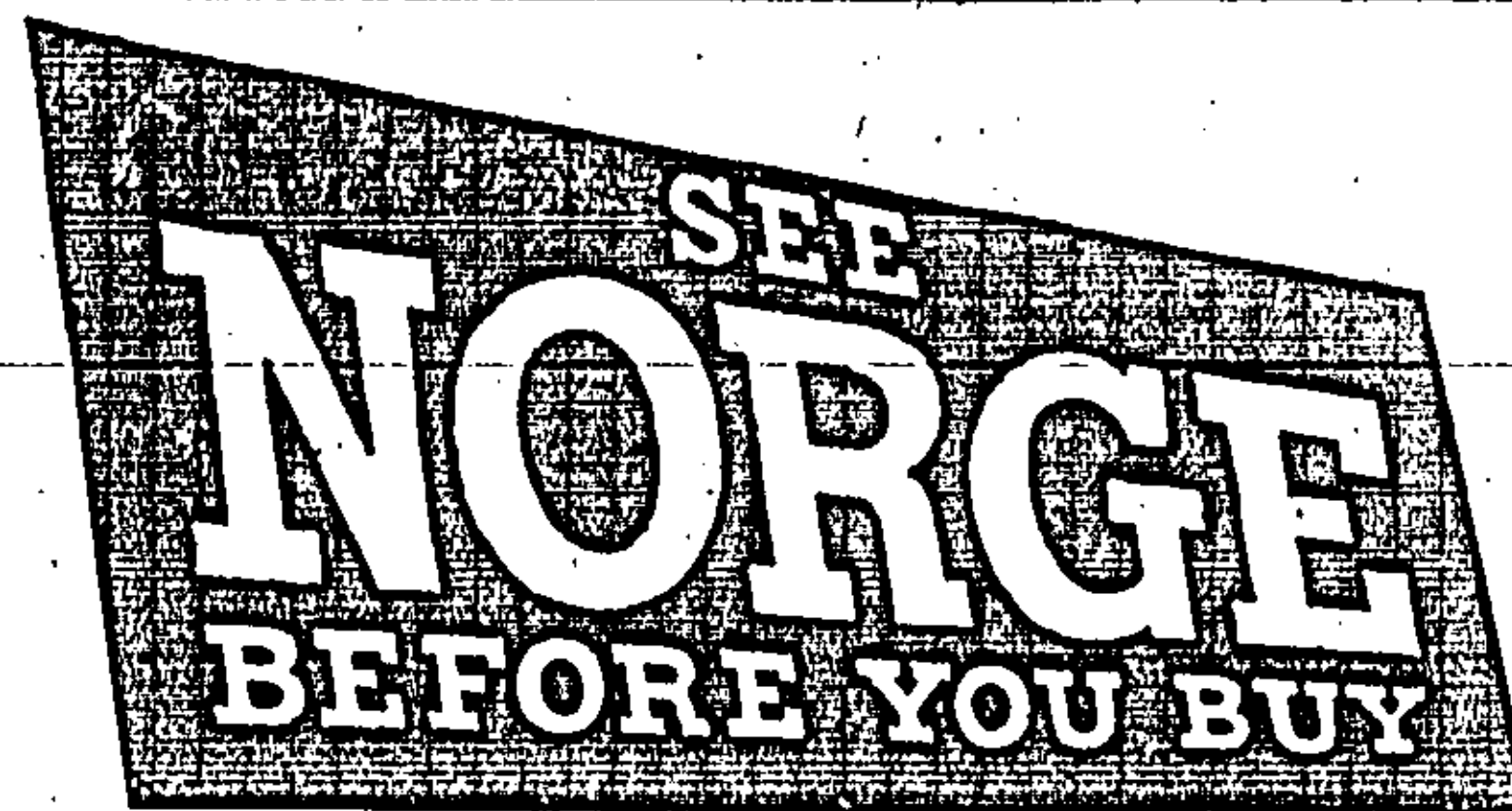
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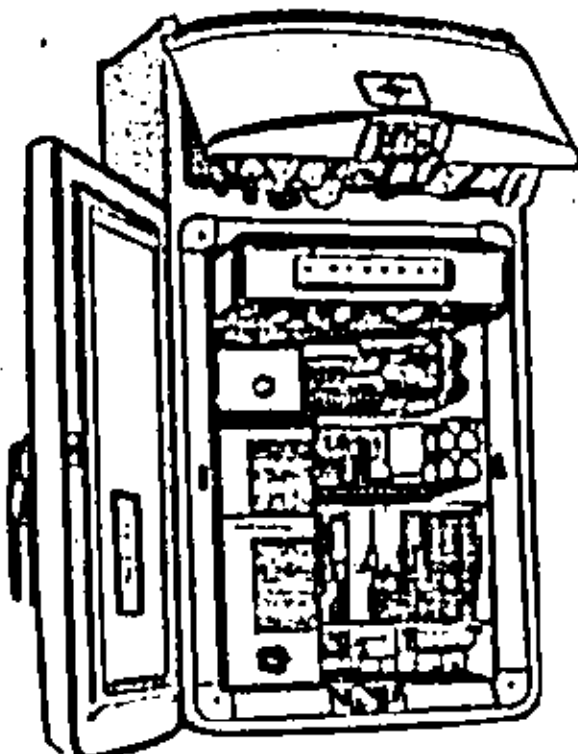
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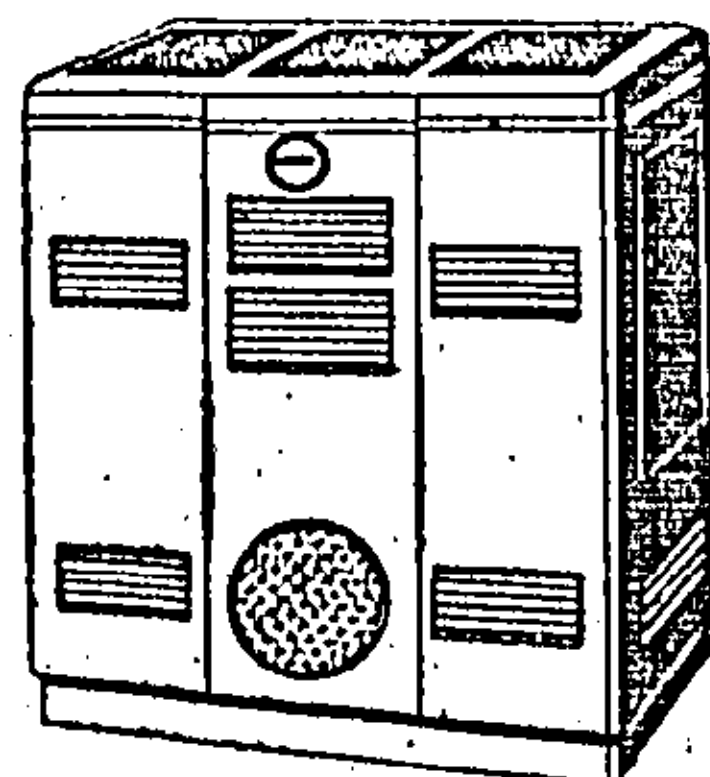
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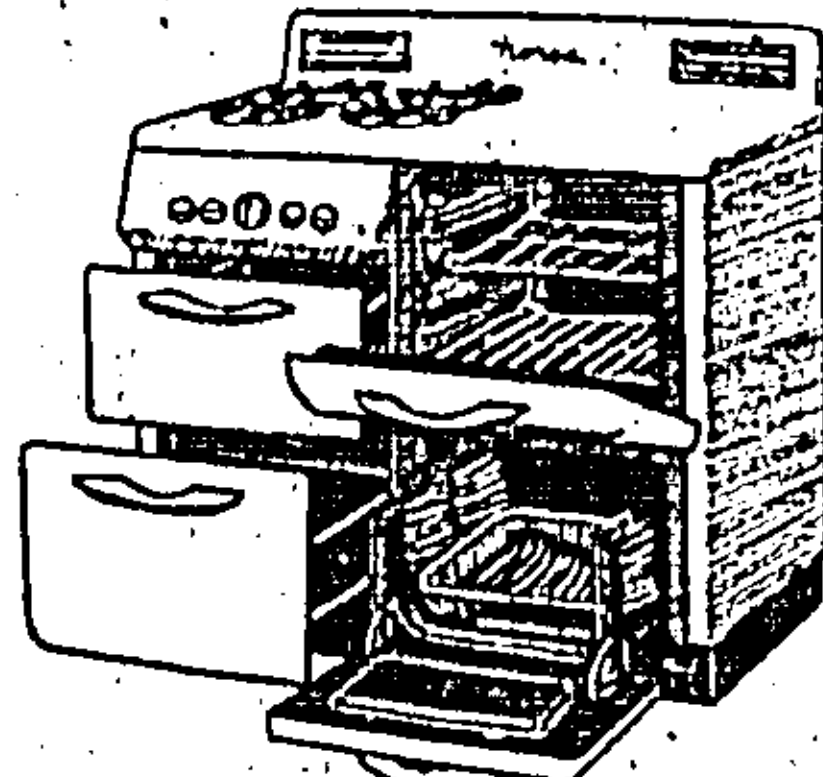
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JAN'S shepherd friend gives him a recipe too good to keep to himself—so here it is!

King Arthur's Ambrosia

IN a vice of frost the farm was fixed, giving it the permanence of a photograph, and in every detail there is fantastic kaleidoscopic design; the gate post has become a statue, the plough appears as a white seahorse, and even the water-butt draped with a lace so complicated in pattern that embroidery is bald beside it.

This is proper weather for the Christmas season. Not only because it is convenient to St. Nicholas's bobble, but more important, it suits my conscience. For now I could sit and flog over the fire, knowing that nothing else can be done anyway; the hardest steel shear would burst if I tried to plough this weather.

I suppose I could cart out some dung, but I reckon my horse needs a break as much as I do. It is best to sit by the fire and inhale the sweet fumes of the apple log which I always burn at Christmas time and watch its mysterious blue flame beckoning me to sleep.

Thoughts At This Season

By "CANDIDUS"

SIX years ago, the Japanese were overwhelming, by weight of numbers and equipment, the small surviving bands of weary defenders in the hills of Hongkong. One by one, desperate and gallant little outposts were overcome, the only indication in many instances being grim silence as Headquarters tried in vain to keep contact. As the hordes swept on, rape, murder and torture were unrestrained—until on Christmas Day—the bloody orgy of unparalleled savagery that was Japanese warfare, ceased. Survivors were deluded into the belief that the cessation of bombing and shellfire heralded Peace; but although hostilities had ceased, the torture, maiming and killing was to continue for nearly four years. And then liberation. The pent-up hopes and ambitions were fired anew—but hope eternal began to flicker and die as nations lost the God-sent opportunity of fostering love and goodwill. Distrust and discord dimmed the bright dawning of Peace.

TODAY, we stand by helplessly and follow with saddened concern the bickerings of the Great Powers. Nations which should form a worldwide fraternity of nations, are themselves torn apart by selfish politics and creeds.

Here in Hongkong, we have done much to set our house in order, and the success is undoubtedly because we are non-political. We encourage all creeds and religions, and this fortunate state of affairs is to be seen in the getting together of all religions and institutions in the locally universal desire to alleviate distress and unhappiness.

AT the moment—at this special moment—we think of unhappy China. The people of this Colony have so much in common with the great land which dwells us almost into insignificance, and we hope in vain that our example will have some influence on those who guide the destiny of the homeland of so many thousands residing here. We hope the day will dawn when in sincerity and assurance we can wish China a Bright and Happy New Year.

China herself knows that at this sad era in her history, a cloud overshadows the coming year. At least she can make a New Year resolution that she will grasp the hand of friendship held out to her, and by the free interchange of ideas and aspirations and the fostering of co-operation and goodwill, end her own suffering and turmoil.

I decided to be idle methodically, and to put my slippers on as a pre-announcement to the world that nothing would make me shift an inch. The next thing, of course, was to find my slippers.

My wife had given me a pair last Christmas, but I had not seen them since then, for farmers have not yet been given a 12-hour day, let alone a six-day week, and generally by the time I have milked the cows I am too tired to change into anything but pyjamas. I poked around for five minutes looking for the slippers, when something made me look in the old cupboard underneath the stairs.

I GOT a candle and peered into this womb of darkness. Something glittered in the corner. I dragged it out. It was an old stone elder jar, corked up and covered in sealing wax; the whole draped in cobwebs. I stared at it for fully five minutes before I remembered.

It must have been ten years ago, perhaps more I had gone down in the moors to buy some sheep. The farmer who was driving the flocks to meet me had been taken ill suddenly; the ewes had strayed on to the moor. By then it was mid-winter in the sulk of winter, with a cold rain lashing the bleak sullen fells. Where the sheep would have strayed to by morning I hesitated to think, but the thought of chasing over the moors all night appalled me.

But it did not dismay a neighbouring shepherd who volunteered to help me round up the flock. We shall perish of exposure, I warned him, or get lost in a bog. "Neither," he said, with peculiar brevity for a shepherd, and took an old leather bottle from behind a beam in his cottage and ranched for a lantern. Before we went out into the night he gave me a swig from his bottle. Whatever was in it came slowly to the lips, flowing like cream, once in the mouth it dissolved into fragrance; it was like drinking the scent of jasmine, but in the belly it stirred like the breath of a dragon.

Together we marched into the rain, into the thick night, and nothing could dismay or exhaust us. For every hour the shepherd would give me a swig from his bottle and, though wet to the skin, I was not cold; and when we returned with the sheep in the morning, not even the dog was tired.

BEFORE I left with my valuable flock I perused the old man to write out his recipe. And he took much persuading. For he called his drink King Arthur's Ambrosia, and swore it was the magic of Cornwall. Anyhow, he wrote it down on a scrap of paper, though this operation took him close on an hour.

When I got home to my farm I looked at his scrawl and read the following:

KING ARTHUR'S AMBROSIA
For shepherds, mariners, poets and thieves and others who must

travel at night. Which cordial maketh the barren woman beget children and the bachelor take a wife.

After this preamble I read: Take 12 eggs, whole, cover with lemon juice, leave a day, add comb honey, pint brandy, pint cream. Seal and forget.

I took the recipe literally, even to the point of forgetting that I had made the cordial. I remember, too, my surprise when I had poured the juice of the lemons on to the unbroken shell eggs, for the next morning there was no trace of them, even the shells were dissolved in the juice.

Then I added a whole comb of honey, a pint of brandy and a jug of cream. That was ten years ago, it may be more. I uncorked the jar and took a spoonful; as nectar it ravished my mouth. It is not a drink, it is a discovery. It is the elixir, the beguiler of life.

Now let the flame on the apple

log beckon. I can follow wherever it leads, even back to its primeval forest where lightning first made it in the wound of a tree.

CHRISTMAS QUOTES

Christians awake, salute the happy morn
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born.
(John Hyam, 1692-1763)

At Christmas play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.
(Thomas Tusser, 1524-1580)

A child that's born on Christmas Day,
Is fair and wise, and good and gay.
(Halliwell's "Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales")

Glorious time of great Too-Much.
(Leigh Hunt, 1784-1859)

Life still hath one romance that nought can bury—
Not time himself, who coffins Life's romances—
For still will Christmas gild the year's mischances,
If Childhood comes, as here, to make him merry.
(Theodore Watts-Dunton, 1832-1914)

Heap on more wood! The wind is chill!
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
(Sir Walter Scott, 1771-1832)

Yule's come and Yule's gone,
And we have feasted well;
So Jock maun to his stall again,
And Jenny to her wheel.
(Fife-shire Rhyme)

THIS BELL WILL TOLL 1947 STROKES

A quaint English Christmas custom is the tolling of the "Devil's Knell" at the Parish Church of the Yorkshire town of Dewsbury. Every Christmas Eve for 700 years this ceremony has been performed—only broken by World War II when, for security reasons, the church bells of Britain were silent. The tenor bell of Dewsbury is tolled once for each year since the birth of Christ, and this year the 1947 strokes will take about an hour—the final stroke being timed exactly to fall at the midnight hour.

A legend connected with the custom tells how a local baron named Thomas de Soothill, back in the 13th century, killed one of his servants, and to expiate his crime, presented the tenor bell to the church with the request that it should be tolled annually. It is said the inhabitants of Dewsbury of those days believed that the tolling of the bell would keep the devil away from the parish for another year.

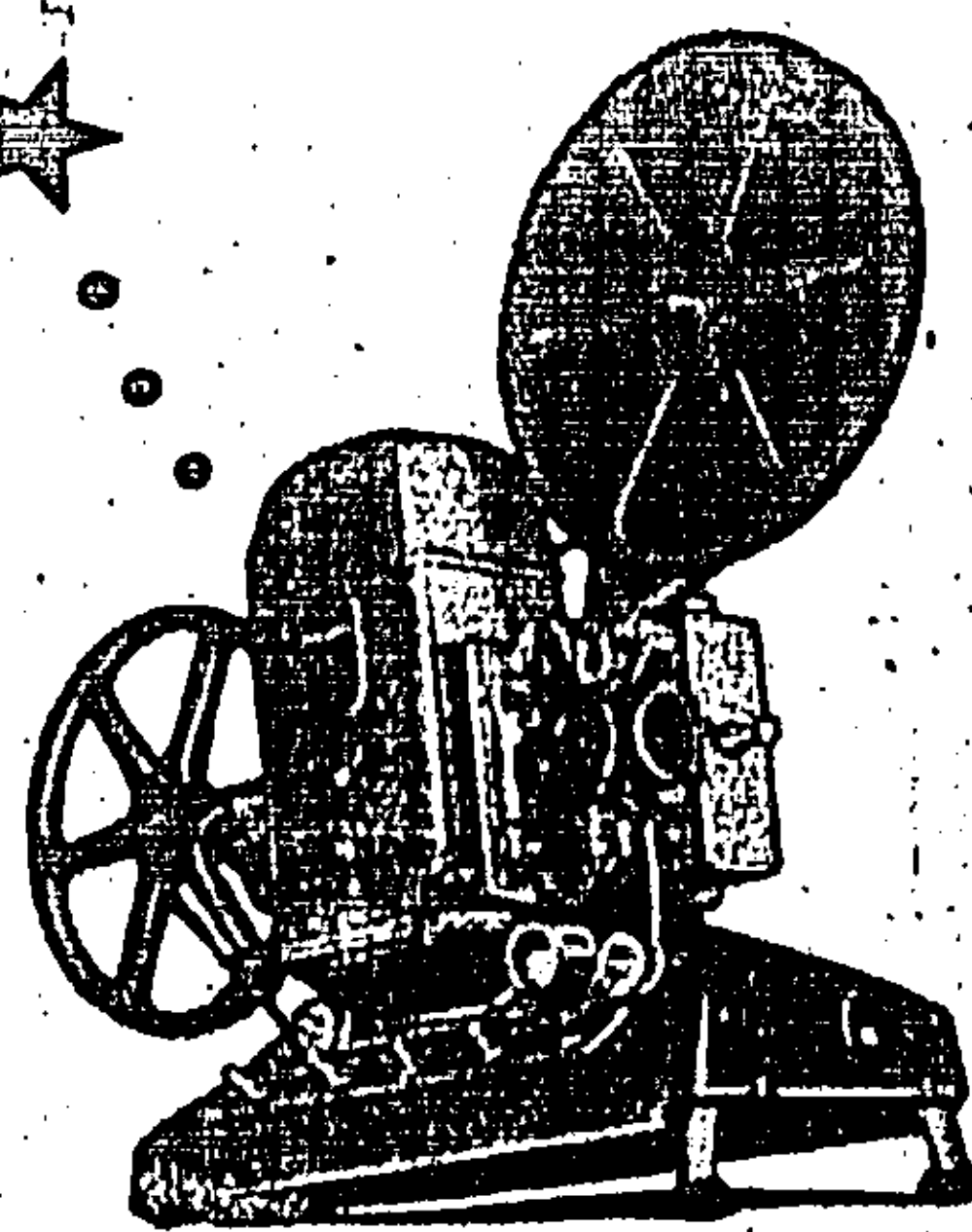
Another Christmas Eve custom, dating back to 878 A.D., is that of Burning the Ashen Faggot at Dunster, in Somerset, England. It began during the Wessex battles when the West Saxon warriors, searching for fuel for their campfires, discovered that ash was the only local wood which would burn when green. To commemorate that historic occasion the burning of the ashen faggot continues at Dunster to the present day. It is followed by a dance.

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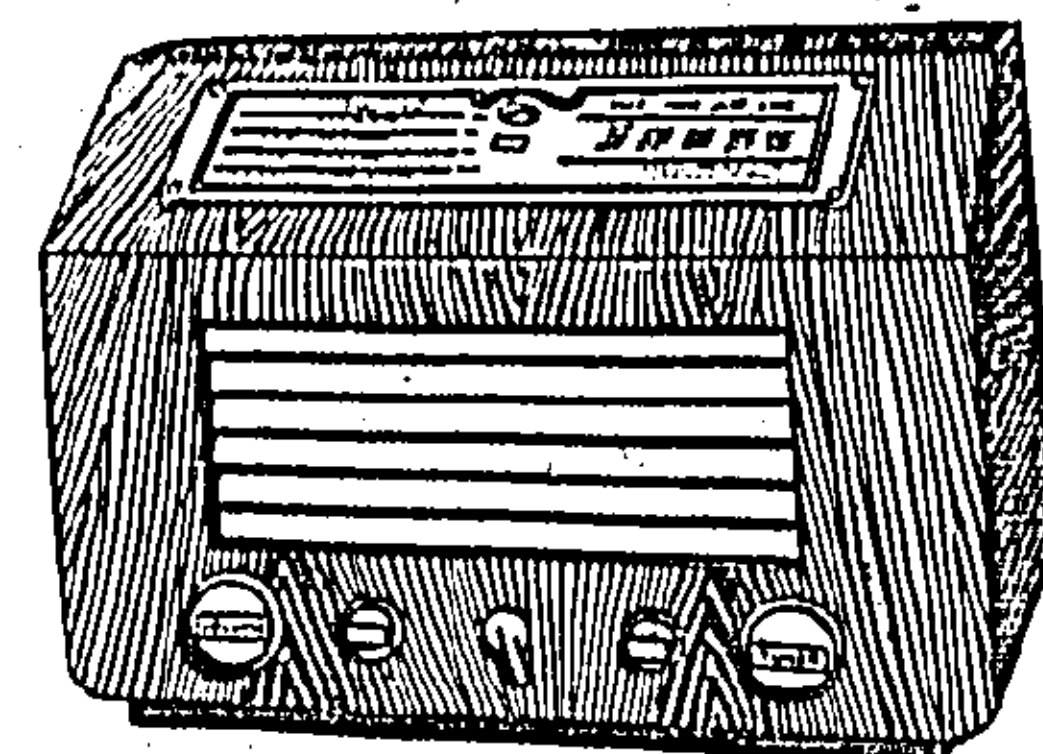


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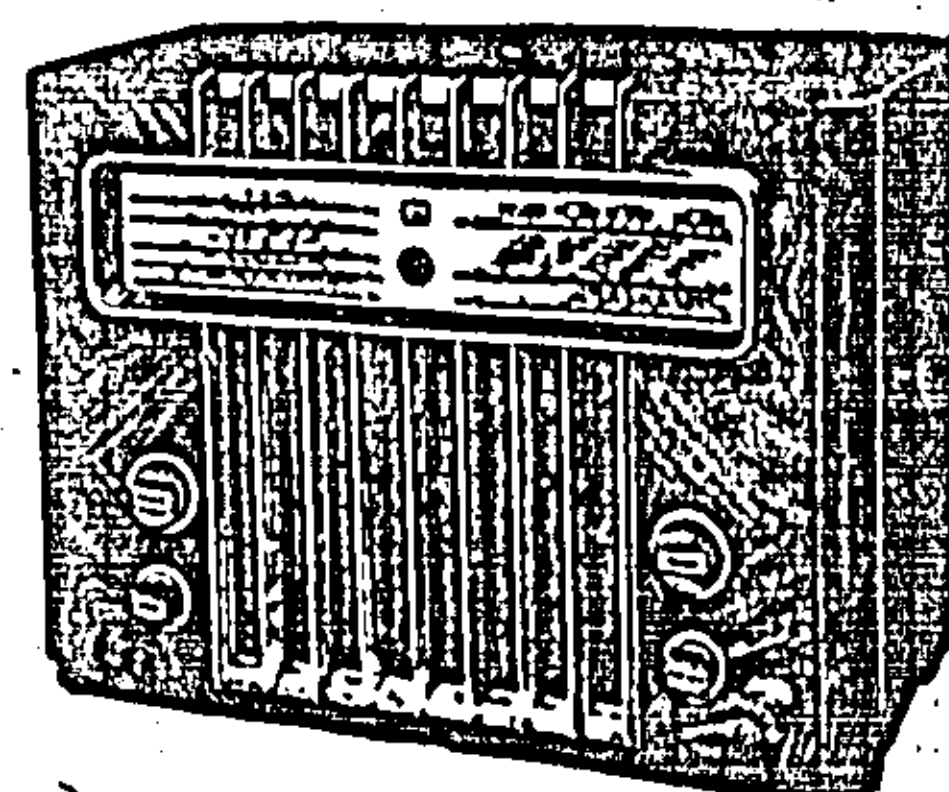
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The SNAPSHOT GUILD

MERRY CHRISTMAS!



A tree, a little girl, and Dad—saying "Merry Christmas" this year and in years ahead.

YOU know how it is at Christmas . . . for weeks ahead you carefully slip home with packages, hide them in bureau drawers or on closet shelves . . . you pick out a tree . . . from the attic you dig out the lights and tinsel and silver and gold balls with which to trim it.

There's the unsuppressed excitement of the children . . . their curiosity concerning every parcel which they see . . . and, finally, Christmas Eve, the moment when they hang their stockings from the mantel.

And then, Christmas morning, this happiest of holidays reaches a crescendo of shouts of "Merry Christmas," of laughing children, of music and mirth.

So, why not, this Christmas, keep a picture record of holiday happiness, a photographic story which makes Christmas Present of Christ-

mas Past through all the years ahead? Both indoors and out, good snapshots await the taking for such a story.

There's Dad bringing home the tree—generally having to saw off a few inches of it so it will fit in the room. Mother returning from shopping laden with boxes and bags. Or hanging a holly wreath, gay with red, on the door.

Indoors, there are pictures of the children wrapping gifts. . . hanging up their stockings. . . or Dad trimming the tree. And more pictures Christmas morning of the tree itself and the family around it opening presents, the children playing with new toys.

There are pictures of Mother roasting turkey. And outdoors, as Bobby tries a new cycle. There's even, if you want to round out your story, a final shot some time before Twelfth Night of the tree coming down.

But, look around you—whether you shoot outdoors or in, with flash bulb or flood light or time exposure, YOUR Christmas is waiting to be pictured, to say "Merry Christmas" through years to come.

John van Guilder.

In a corner of the Empire Their only shortage ... a few nails

... being a second letter from MRS JEAN F. KING, of Bartica, Essequibo River, British Guiana, South America, who left Dunoon, Scotland, with her family in search of a home in the New World.

BRITISH GUIANA is waiting for the old breed of pioneer who "made" the Britain we all love.

He would find a way to overcome the obstacles that have kept this country from taking its rightful place as one of the foremost Colonies.

The interior is almost entirely undeveloped. It holds great wealth, gold, diamonds, ores of various kinds and valuable timber.

But capital is needed because at present there is no means of getting at the resources of the country except by river and air transport.

No roads

There are no roads or railways into the interior, only a rough bush track over which heavy lorries go, and we live alongside this track.

The interior is a pleasant place to live in because it has not yet been organised, and that ease can only be appreciated if you are without prejudice of colour, class or creed, because the European population is small.

Many miles inland are large cattle stations where I am told English vegetables flourish and life is delightful.

When the cattle are ready for market they are driven along the bush track for days, and on the way many die of thirst and exhaustion, or are killed by jaguars as they wander into the bush.

Cheap labour

It is suggested that a plant for freezing the carcasses should be erected far inland, then the carcasses could be taken out by air transport. That may give you an idea of some of the difficulties that British Guiana has to contend with.

Labour is cheap and in some parts plentiful. There are no prospects at present for the worker without a job or capital.

It cost us each £200 second class to travel from Britain in a French liner. If you intend living here you may be asked to deposit £50 each—to be refunded later.

Building has been a problem, not through lack of timber but scarcity of nails.

We overcame the housing shortage by having two Indians build us a bush hut on five acres of ground which we leased from the Government for a few dollars yearly.

Hut in 5 days

The hut cost us £8 and took five days to build. The roof is thatched with palm leaves, the floor is of wood, and three walls and a half are of laced palm leaves.

We sleep in large woven Indian hammocks (the same of comfort) almost in the open without nets, for there are no mosquitoes.

We go to bed in the moonlight as the night life of the bush slips into movement. The fireflies dart from bush to bush, the birds call each other and monkeys chortle in the trees not far off.

The nights are cool enough for a couple of blankets, but we find it very hot in the middle of the day.

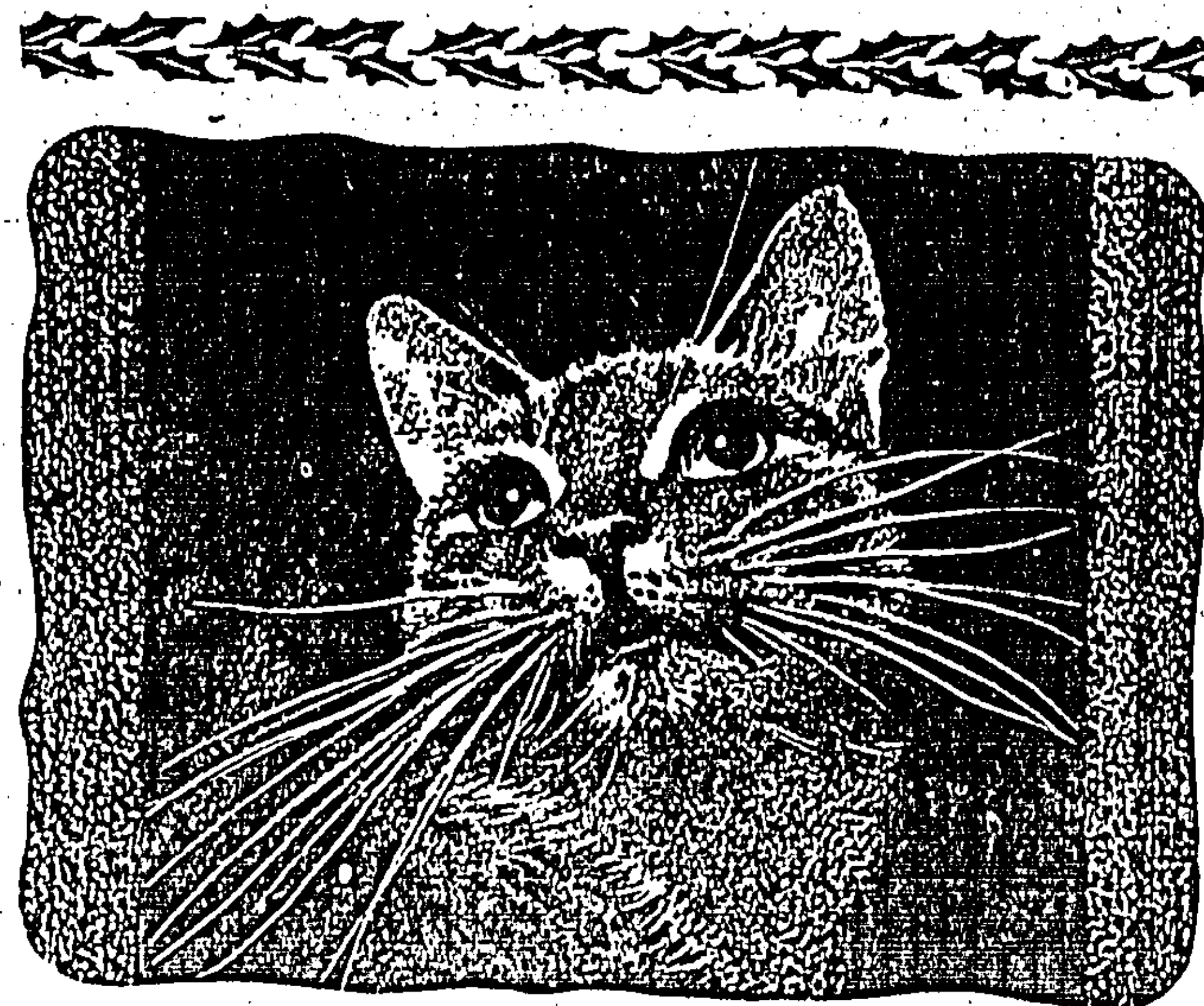
Like many others, we hope to build a house on our five acres and grow our own fruit and vegetables, but a house cannot be built without nails.

Waiting for us

British Guiana could supply Britain with all the wood she needs for every purpose, and some pieces of furniture which I have seen made from local wood are exquisite.

There is such a variety of colouring, from pink to purple and many shades of cream merging into brown. Britain needs wood and British Guiana needs nails.

Britain has a wealthy colony waiting, but it will not wait for ever. If she does not take an active interest very quickly she will find British Guiana has slipped away.



Safe progress

Where his whiskers can go—the cat also can go. It's a way of safeguarding him against rash adventures. The rich endowment of experience in the Crompton Parkinson organization is a similar safeguard against ill-timed and dubious experiments—an assurance that every advance is proved beyond doubt before it is incorporated in new plant. That is why Crompton Parkinson plant has earned the respect of engineers everywhere—it is always progressive along the right lines.

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VIGNETTES OF LIFE

"Noel, Noel, Noel..."
BY KEMP STARRETT



"SAY THANK YOU TO MR. MEENEY!"

GRATITUDE IS DIFFICULT UNDER SOME CIRCUMSTANCES... ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU'VE BEEN LED TO BELIEVE YOU MIGHT GET A TOMMY-GUN AND AN ELECTRIC TRAIN SET.



IT TAKES A MIND-READER TO DECIPHER SOME OF THE ADDRESSES.

THOSE SECRET PHONE CALLS ORDINARILY AROUSE SUSPICIONS... BUT AT CHRISTMAS THEY BRING VISIONS OF NEW CARS, DIAMOND BRACELETS OR PEARLS.



TRED GAVE IT TO ME... IT'S IMPROVED, AND HE ONLY WORE IT ONCE!

"WHO GAVE IT TO HIM... AND WHY?"

THOSE LAST-MINUTE GIFTS... THEY'LL DRAIN-SACK EVERYTHING BUT THE BANK TO FIND A PRESENT.



"WE'LL HAVE TO CUT OUT SOME BODY IF WE'RE TO KEEP WITHIN OUR BUDGET... NOW THERE'S YOUR AUNT SAE AND..."

SOONER OR LATER THE ECONOMY ANGLE GETS INTO THE PICTURE... AND YOUR RELATIVES WILL TAKE THE CHOP... (AND WE DON'T ALAN LAUREL)



"WELL, I THOUGHT IT'D BE EASIER TO TRIM AND BESIDES, IT'LL LAST FOR SEVERAL YEARS AND THERE'S NO MESS TO CLEAN UP."

THEY BOTH AGREED IT WOULDN'T SEEM LIKE CHRISTMAS WITHOUT SOME KIND OF TREE.



"BUT THIS GIFT IS ONLY GOING TO THE NEXT BLOCK."

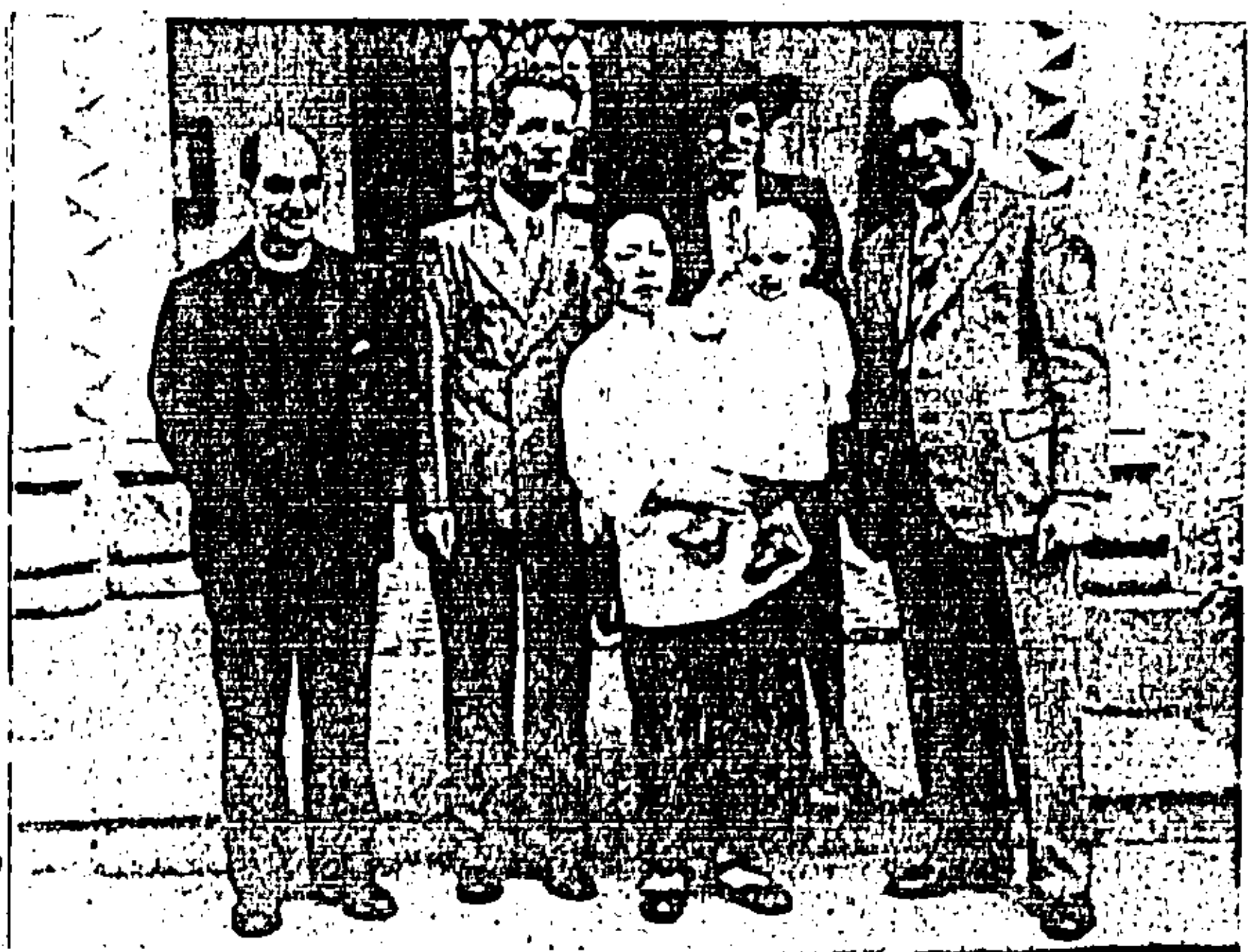
"THERE'S A RIGHT WAY AND A WRONG WAY TO DO EVERYTHING... THIS IS DONE RIGHT; IT COULD GO TO THE FIJI ISLANDS WITHOUT COMING AHEAD."

SOME FOLKS WRAP THEIR GIFTS SO YOU HAVE TO BLAST 'EM OPEN; OTHERS DON'T CARE IF THE BUNDLE FALLS APART AS SOON AS IT'S DROPPED INTO THE POST OFFICE.

WEEK-END PICTORIAL



MR W. J. LANNAMAN and his bride, formerly Miss J. Sapsford, photographed with friends after their wedding at the Methodist Church on Tuesday. (Photo: Mee Cheung)



THE CHRISTENING took place at St John's Cathedral last week of Prudence Rose, infant daughter of Inspector H. J. Baldwin, of the Hongkong Police, and Mrs Baldwin. (Photo: Ming Yuen)



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TESSIE O'SHEA
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Stack-A-Bye Tubular Steel Chairs are comfortably resilient, strong and durable, extremely light in weight, and can be stacked vertically in considerable numbers, which makes them ideal for use in Church and School Halls, Lecture Rooms, Youth Clubs, Dining Halls and other places where economy in space and labour are of major importance. Attractive non-fading plastic finish, in several different colour combinations.

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ST GEORGE'S SOCIETY defeated St Andrew's Society in their annual bowls match at the Kowloon Bowling Green Club last Saturday by 129 shots to 98. Photo shows members of the two Societies who took part in the match. (Photo: Golden Studio)



THESE PICTURES show only two facets of the community welfare work that goes on daily at the Kowloon centre of the Hongkong Social Welfare Council. Top: workers at the Centre interviewing applicants for assistance. Right: Mothers feeding their babies with milk distributed by the Centre. Over 400 people make daily use of the services and facilities provided, or are helped in one form or another by the Centre. (Photos: Ming Yuen)



VIACHESLAV ATROSHENKO, talented 12-year-old pianist, who delighted a large audience at the recent soiree given by the Societe de Litterature et d'Art Francais. (Photo: A's Studio)



MR FUNG KING-YUE, of the Public Works Department, and his bride, Miss Loo Kam-ying, who were married on Monday. (Photo: Mee Cheung)



THE ARMY XV which defeated the RAF and Police in the Quadrangular Rugby Tournament last Saturday. (Photo: Golden Studio)



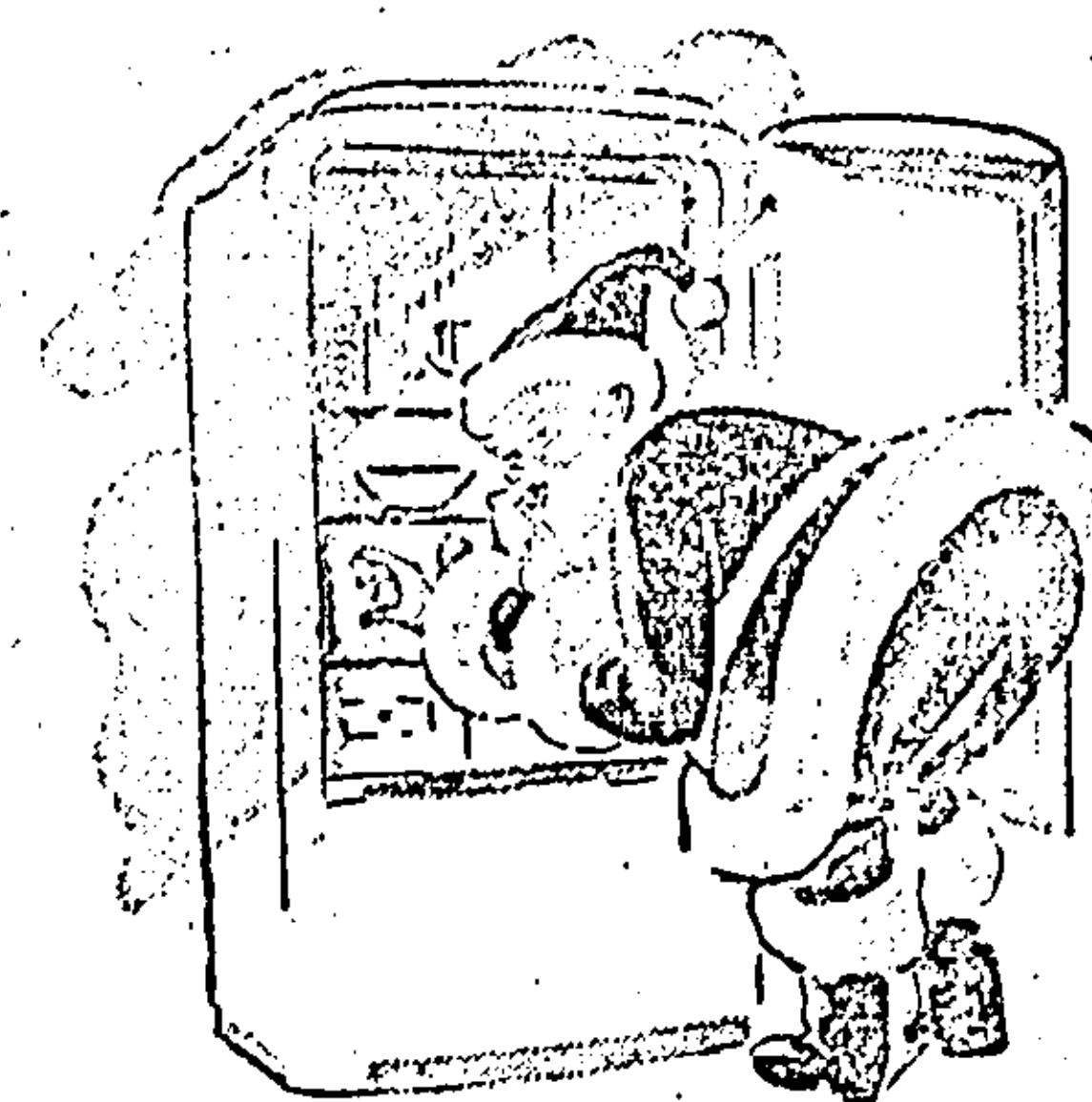
MR KIN YIN, a noted Chinese film actor, and his bride, Miss Chun Yi, popular Chungking opera star. They were married on Monday, and a reception was given at the Cosmo Club. (Photo: Ming Yuen)



PHOTOGRAPH taken at St Joseph's Church last week after the christening of Mary Grania, infant daughter of Dr and Mrs P. Esmonde. (Photo: Ming Yuen)



MRS T. R. ROWELL, wife of the Director of Education, presented the prizes at the annual prizegiving of the Kowloon Junior School on Tuesday. (Photo: Ming Yuen)



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SOFTBALL CHATTER

(Continued from Page 10)

pretty scared with a five-hit, five-run stanza. However, the big guns of Maple Leaf were even better as Junior Markar, Big Boy Baker and Bill Woo homered. They led the bombardment spree in the record 32-10 score in favour of the Canadians.

"I left the base after the catch," no Big Chief Canuckette Alice Mar told base umpire Eddie Marques in one episode of the Wildcat-Canuckette fracas when the Big Chief was called out—being forced out—for the official record of a record triple play against the Canucks. Not a few agreed with the Canuckette but Eddie was convinced he was right. However, Ullian Koo's big hit was well caught by Marie Figueiredo at centre field. The fielder dispatched the pill with dispatch to Terry Silva, then to Peggy Barros to force out Jean Lee and Alice Mar. The Untamed Felines scored a 10-11 win with 11 hits against Maple Leaf's seven. Popular Ullian Koo achieved a two-homer performance, while powerhouse Effie Babida was good for a circuit clout, followed by a three-base hit by slugging Peggy Barros.

OBSERVATION POST

To be an umpire in the local park includes doing a bit of chasing of "foottallers" who sometimes nearly invade the softball diamond. An "expert" at this game of hide-and-seek is none other than Prexy Doc Molthen himself. With words in English such as "Scram out of there" and "Go away," plus some "Chinese," the popular Pres. does condescend to this sort of job.... Hard-working Hon. Secretary Hal Winglee's second home is the ball park. He is down to umpire three matches tomorrow, apart from other duties on and off the field. Perhaps he will decide to bring a tent down there the next time. Poor Hal.... "The Ground Committee" H. Moosdeen is one of those unassuming sort of a worker for the League. He goes down the field faithfully, almost before the break of dawn, marking the diamond every Sabbath. He sometimes umpires too. There is another spook of the League—running machine.... Cigarette holders are in vogue—believe it or not—on the softball sandlot. Two big, rough-riding ball players of repute were noted last Sunday to use them. They sure looked cute! The next time one goes to the ball park he should notice them easily because they are important figures in the softball circle.

TONIGHT'S BOXING

(By SEE-TEE)

Saturday night boxing is an unusual attraction in Hongkong, but all is set for the special programme arranged for this evening at the Victoria Recreation Club.

I have seen most of the service boxers in action who are taking part in tonight's contents. I understand that their opponents, generally are foemen worthy of their steel. It was a big disappointment to many boxing enthusiasts when the match between Lennox Writer Pulling and Drum Major Kierns, arranged for the China Fleet Club, last week, had to be postponed owing to an injury to Kierns.

Pulling is down to fight four rounds with Kid Pedruco. Pedruco, quite clearly, will have to be on his toes to beat Pulling. I see that Chief Stoker Mechanic Parks and Sergeant Cora of the Inniskillings are to meet again. The last time I saw them together in the ring was in an exhibition bout at the end of a Novices' Evening at the China Fleet Club. Cora is a good boxer, but rather lacks Parks's experience and polish.

Sergeant Jones and Marine Kettlewell were in a slow three-round fight at the China Fleet Club last week. Kettlewell won, largely because he took the initiative in the last round. He seemed over-cautious and I had the impression that pretty well all his and Jones's time was spent sizing up. With all that over and done with and with an extra round in which to box, this second meeting of Jones and Kettlewell should prove a most interesting fight. I think Kettlewell will get the verdict.

There are other interesting fights on the programme, including a re-tum match between Able Seaman McLaughlin and Private Finch. McLaughlin is a rugged, two-handed fighter of the stocky build; while Finch is tall and lightly made, even for a Lightweight. Although McLaughlin's unceasing pugilistic often had Finch retreating, he never had Finch in real trouble. Finch boxed his man, scored regularly and won. He may win again this evening.

Brave Attempt To Stop Thieves

London, Dec. 10.—Smash and grab thieves who threw a brick into the shop window of Henson and Sons, Jewellers in Earl's Court Road, Kensington, were indicted by an army officer who was dragged along the road by their car as they drove off.

Lieutenant Carnot Zavala-Suarez of Earl's Court, chased the men as they ran towards the car. He seized one man and smashed the gramophone record which he had just bought in his face. The second man leaped out of the moving car and pulled his companion inside.

The Lieutenant hung on to the car and was pulled along the street for several yards before he let go. He received leg injuries and said that he was on his way to be demobilised.—Reuter.

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RECOVERY PROGRAMME

(Continued from Page 1)

"It is clear that we should require repayment to an extent that is feasible and consistent with the objectives of the programme in order that no unnecessary burden be imposed upon the people of the United States. It is equally clear that we should not require repayment where it would impose paralyzing financial obligations on the people of Europe and thus defeat the basic purpose of making Europe self-supporting."

"Recovery for Europe will not be achieved until its people are able to pay for their necessary imports with foreign exchange obtained through the export of goods and services. If they were to have additional burdens to bear in the form of interest of amortisation payments in future years, they would have to plan for an even higher level of exports to meet these obligations. This would necessarily increase the requirements of the recovery programme and delay the achievement of economic stability."—Reuter.

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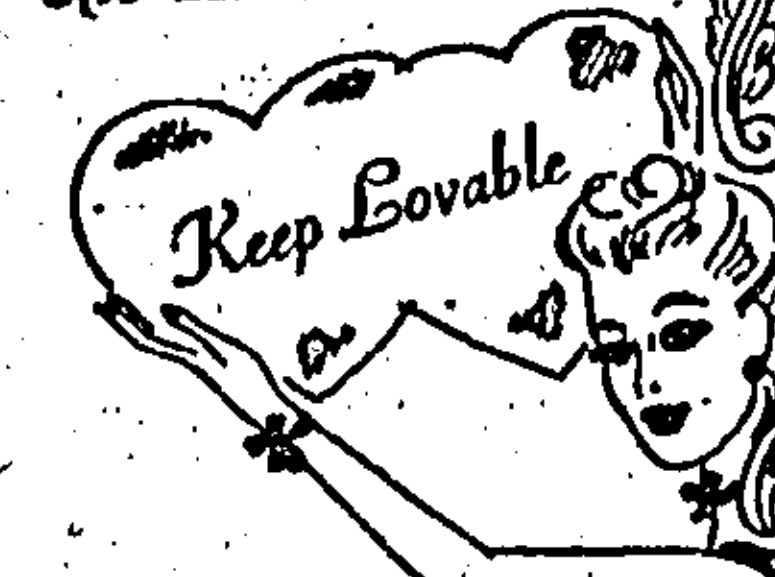
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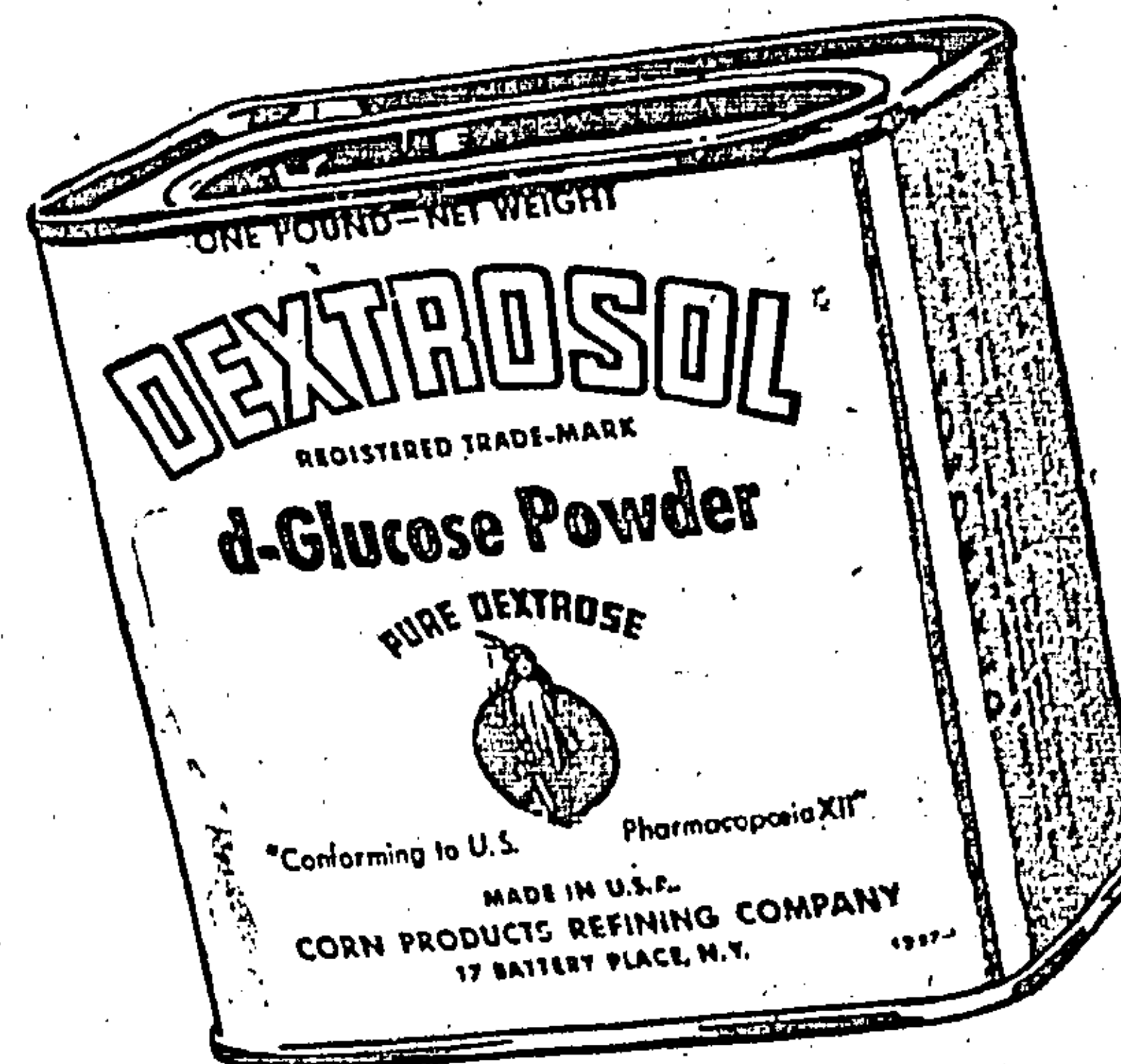


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NOTICE

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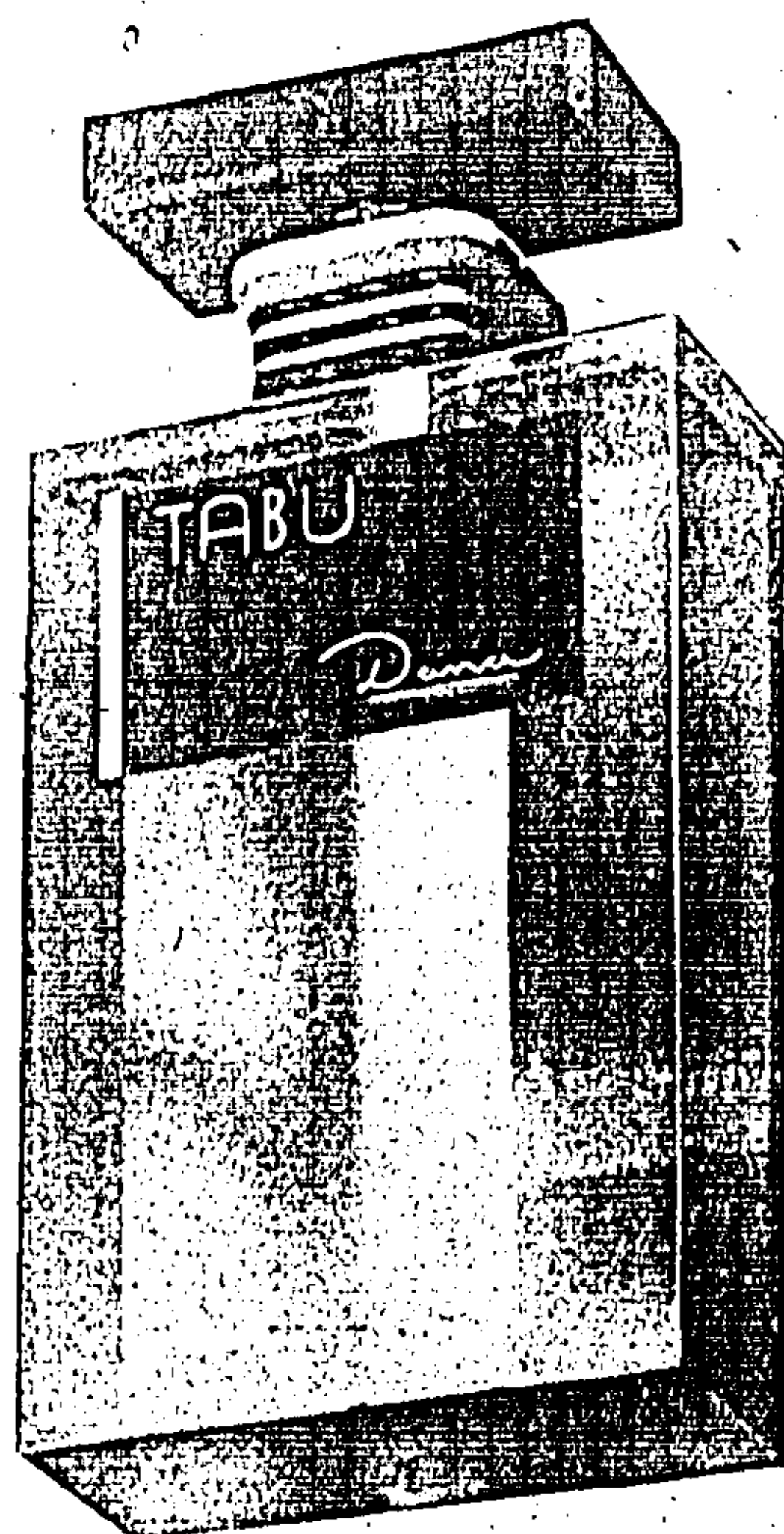
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